



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



17474.29.11

**Harvard College  
Library**



**BOUGHT FROM THE FUND  
BEQUEATHED BY**

**Evert Jansen Wendell**

**CLASS OF 1882**

**of New York**









No. 2

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS'  
EDITION OF STANDARD PLAYS

---

# THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS

BY  
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

AS REMODELED AND REARRANGED BY

AUGUSTIN DALY

WITH MARGINAL NOTES

BY

FRED. WILLIAMS

DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF THE

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

---

Copyright, 1901, by T. H. French

---

NEW YORK  
SAMUEL FRENCH  
PUBLISHER  
28-30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON  
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.  
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET,  
STRAND



174.29.11

**HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
FROM  
THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERETT JANSEN WENDELL  
1918**

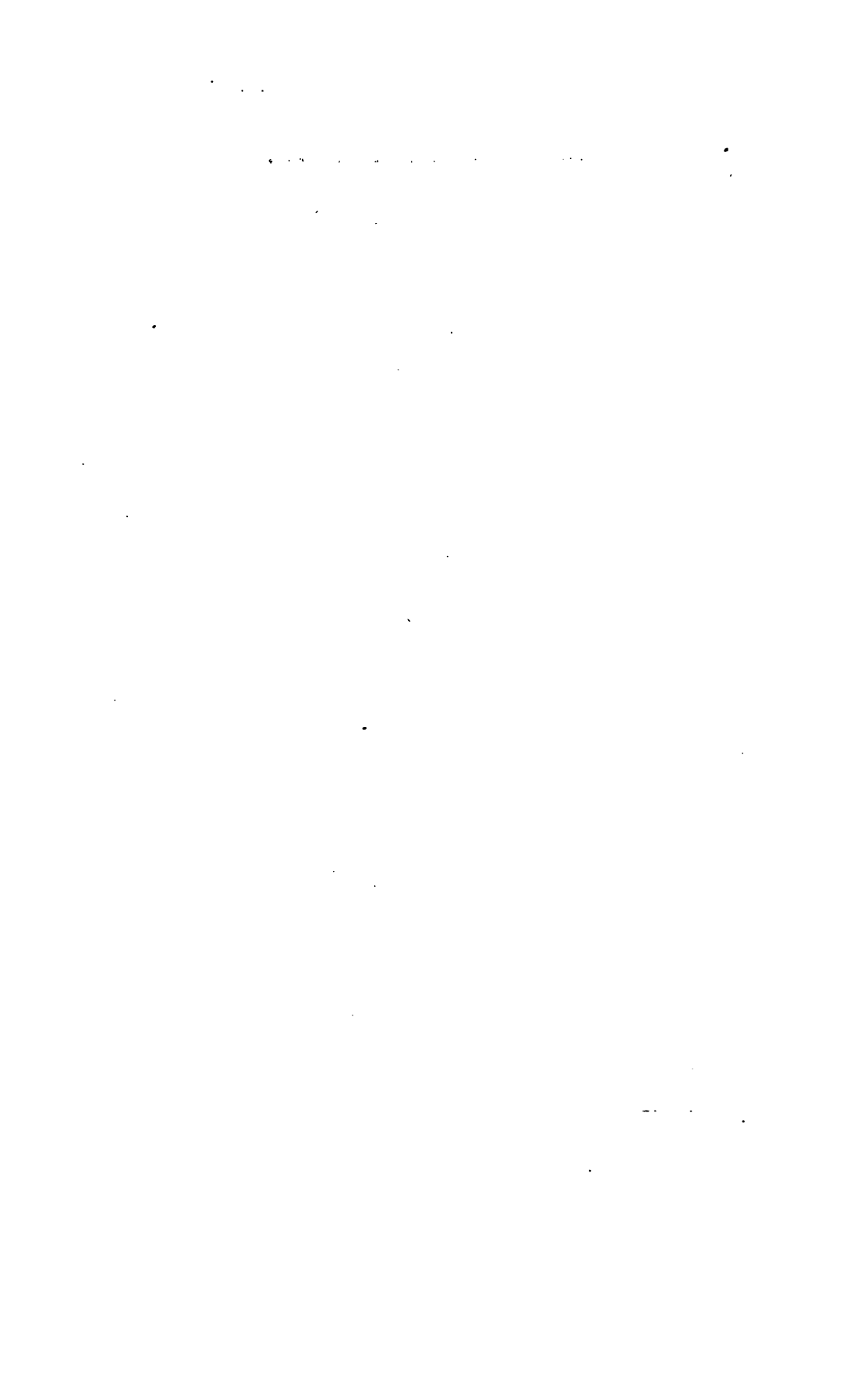
Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Mr. AUGUSTIN  
DALY, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

# SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

## CASTS.

### CASTS.

	Original Cast. Drury Lane, May, 1771.	New Version. Prince of Wales, April, 1874.	Fifth Avenue Theatre. September 12th, 1874.
SIR PETER TEAZLE.....	Mr. King.	Mr. Hare.	Charles Fisher.
SIR OLIVER SURFACE.....	Mr. Yates.	Mr. Collette.	William Davidge.
SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.....	Mr. Dodd.	Ltn. Rayne.	B. T. Ringgold.
SIR HARRY BUMPER.....	.....	Mr. Crawford.	J. G. Peakes.
SIR TOBY.....	.....	Mr. Campbell.	Mr. Gilbert.
JOSEPH SURFACE.....	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Baucroft.	Louis James.
CHARLES SURFACE.....	Mr. Smith.	Mr. C. Coghlan.	George Clarke.
CRABTREE.....	Mr. Parsons.	Mr. A. Wood.	F. Hardonberg.
ROWLEY.....	Mr. Aicken.	Mr. Cathcart.	D. Whiting.
CARELESS.....	Mr. Farran.	Mr. Herbert.	Hart Conway.
MOSES.....	Mr. Baddely.	Mr. F. Glover.	James Lewis.
TRIP.....	Mr. Lamaash.	Mr. Markley.	Sol. Russell.
SNAKE.....	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Newton.	George Devere.
SIR PETER'S SERVANT.....	.....	.....	Mr. Beekman.
JOSEPH'S SERVANT.....	.....	.....	Mr. Chapman.
LADY SNEERWELL'S GUESTS, ETC.....	.....	.....	Mr. Devau.
LADY TEAZLE.....	Mrs. Abington.	Marie Wilton.	Miss Fanny Davenport.
LADY SNEERWELL.....	Mrs. Sherry.	Fanny Joseph.	Miss Alice Grey.
MRS. CANDOUR.....	Mrs. Pope.	Mrs. Leigh Murray.	Mrs. G. H. Gilbert.
MARIA.....	Miss P. Hopkins.	Miss B. Wilton.	Miss Sara Jewett.
LADY SNEERWELL'S MAID.....	.....	.....	Miss Griffiths.



## COSTUMES.

---

- SIR PETER.**—Drab or salmon-colored velvet coat and breeches, trimmed with silver, white satin vest, white silk stockings, shoes, buckles, lace ruffles, etc.
- SIR OLIVER.**—Brown coat and waistcoat with embroidered button-holes, black satin breeches, silk stockings, shoes, buckles, three-cornered hat, brown camlet over-coat, embroidered.—Second dress: Plain camlet drab over-coat.
- JOSEPH SURFACE.**—Blue or black coat, white waistcoat, black pantaloons, black silk stockings, and pumps.
- CHARLES SURFACE.**—Green coat, white waistcoat, light breeches, white silk stockings, dress shoes.
- CRABTREE.**—Purple velvet cloak lined with blue satin, satin waistcoat, embroidered satin breeches, white silk stockings.
- BACKBITE.**—Fashionable colored dress coat, white and crimson waistcoats, flesh-colored tight pantaloons, silk stockings, pumps, and opera hat.
- ROWLEY.**—Great coat, black breeches and waistcoat, gray camlet over-coat.
- MOSES.**—Black velvet coat, waistcoat, and breeches, trimmed with narrow gold lace, black stockings, and shoes with buckles.
- CARELESS.**—Black coat and pantaloons, white waistcoat, black silk stockings and pumps.
- SIR HARRY.**—Blue coat, white waistcoat, and black pantaloons.
- TRIP.**—Handsome dress livery.
- SNAKE.**—Black coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, silk stockings, and pumps.
- JOSEPH'S SERVANT.**—Plain blue coat, yellow waistcoat and breeches, white stockings, and shoes.
- LADY TEAZLE.**—Elegant white gauze dress, handsomely worked with silver flowers, white satin petticoat and body, and plume of feathers.
- MARIA.**—White satin dress with black trimming.
- LADY SNEERWELL.**—White dress, neatly trimmed.
- MRS. CANDOUR.**—White satin petticoat and body, and flowered gauze dress over.

---

### EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

tionable character in the piece, morally considered; and even *he* is disposed to make light of the supposed peccadillo of Joseph in the fourth act, until he finds that the lady behind the screen is his own wife. Some exceptionable sentiments are put into the lips of Sir Oliver, in palliation of the extravagances of his favorite nephew; but the hypocrisy of Joseph is painted in colors deservedly repulsive.

Successful as this charming comedy is in the representation, it can hardly be regarded as a safe model for a young writer. "There is too much merely ornamental dialogue, and, with some very fine theatrical situations, too much intermission in the action and business; and, above all, there is too little real warmth of feeling, and too few indications of noble or serious passion, thoroughly to satisfy the wants of readers and spectators—even in a comedy."

"When will these people leave talking, and begin to do something?" was the exclamation of an illiterate person in the pit, the first night of the performance of this comedy. But how much more to be admired is the skill of the author, which could supply the defect of situation and action by those dazzling scintillations of wit, which irradiate every page of his immortal work!

In the re-modeled form, as we here print this famous comedy, it was revived by MR. DALY at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on the 12th of September, 1874—nearly ninety-seven years after the original production of the piece at Drury Lane. In the new guise the famous old comedy seemed to gain new life, and we shall be very much mistaken if this does not become the future standard and universal prompt-book wherever and whenever again the School for Scandal is acted.

## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

---

“It seems not a little extraordinary,” says Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*, “that nearly all our first-rate comedies should have been the production of very young men. Those of Congreve were all written before he was five-and-twenty; Farquhar produced the *Constant Couple* in his two-and-twentieth year, and died at thirty; Vanburgh was a young ensign when he sketched out the *Relapse* and the *Provoked Wife*; and Sheridan crowned his reputation with the *School for Scandal* at six-and-twenty. It is, perhaps, still more remarkable to find, as in the instance before us, that works which, at this period of life, we might suppose to have been the rapid offspring of a careless but vigorous fancy—anticipating the results of experience by a sort of second-sight inspiration—should, on the contrary, have been the slow result of many and doubtful experiments, gradually unfolding beauties unforeseen even by him who produced them, and arriving at length, step by step, at perfection. That such was the tardy process by which the *School for Scandal* was produced, will appear from the first sketches of its plan and dialogue.”

This comedy, which, by general consent, seems to be placed at the head of the English Comic Drama, was first acted the eighth of May, 1777, at Drury Lane. It was not printed, however, till many years afterward. Few pieces ever equalled it in success; and it continues to hold its pre-eminent place as the most perfect specimen of an acting comedy in the language.

Fault has been often found with the moral tendencies of the piece; and it must be confessed that the spendthrift injustice of Charles is too leniently dealt with. We could never admire that species of generosity which would rob a creditor to lavish money upon one who might have been in no greater want of it than he to whom it was legally due. Sir Peter Teazle is the least objec-



# THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Lady Sneerwell's House. Large Arch, c. Door, L.*

LADY SNEERWELL *discovered at table, L.* SNAKE, *to whom a servant brings chocolate, R.* [*Exit servant.*]

*Lady S.* THE paragraphs, Mr. Snake, were all inserted?

*Snake.* They were, madam; and as I copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion whence they came.

*Lady S. (L.)* Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's intrigue with Captain Boastall?

*Snake. (R.)* That's in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I think it must reach Mrs. Clackitt's ears within four and twenty hours; and then, you know, the business is as good as done.

*Lady S.* Why, truly, Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent, and a great deal of industry.

*Snake.* True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge she has been the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons being disinherited; of four forced elopements, as many close confinements, nine separate maintenances, and two divorces. Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a tête-à-tête in the Town and Country Magazine, when the parties, perhaps, had never seen each other's face before in the course of their lives.

*Lady S.* She certainly has talents, but her manner is gross.

*Snake.* 'Tis very true.—She generally designs well, has a free tongue and a bold invention; but her colouring is too dark, and her outlines often extravagant. She wants that delicacy of tint and mellowness of sneer, which distinguish your ladyship's scandal.

*Lady S.* Ah! You are partial, Snake.

*Snake.* Not in the least—every body allows that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or a look than many can with the

*Lady Sneerwell is at dressing-table finishing putting patches on her face.*

*Snake finishes drinking chocolate, puts cup on table and lolls in chair.*

*Snake rises and bows formally.*



Coming towards  
Lady Sneerwell.

most laboured detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it.

*Lady S.* Yes, my dear Snake; and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap from the success of my efforts. [*They rise.*] Wounded myself in the early part of my life by the envenomed tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own reputation.

*Snake.* Nothing can be more natural. [*Cross L.*] But, Lady Sneerwell, there is one affair in which you have lately employed me, wherein, I confess, I am at a loss to guess your motives.

*Lady S.* I conceive you mean with respect to my neighbour, Sir Peter Teazle, and his family?

*Snake.* I do. Here are two young men, to whom Sir Peter has acted as a kind of guardian since their father's death; the eldest possessing the most amiable character, and universally well spoken of—the youngest, the most dissipated and extravagant young fellow in the kingdom, without friends or character: the former an avowed admirer of your ladyship's, and apparently your favourite; the latter attached to Maria, Sir Peter's ward, and confessedly beloved by her. Now, on the face of these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable to me, why you, the widow of a city knight, with a good jointure, should not close with the passion of a man of such character and expectations as Mr. Surface; and more so, why you should be so uncommonly earnest to destroy the mutual attachment subsisting between his brother Charles and Maria.

*Lady S.* Then at once to unravel this mystery, I must inform you, that love has no share whatever in the intercourse between Mr. Surface and me.

*Snake.* No?

*Lady S.* His real attachment is to Maria, or her fortune; but finding in his brother a favoured rival, he has been obliged to mask his pretensions, and profit by my assistance.

*Snake.* Yet I am still more puzzled why you should interest yourself in his success.

*Lady S.* Heavens! how dull you are! Cannot you surmise the weakness which I hitherto, through shame, have concealed even from you? Must I confess, that Charles, that libertine, that extravagant, that bankrupt in fortune and reputation, that he it is for whom I'm thus anxious and malicious, and to gain whom I would sacrifice every thing?

*Snake.* Now, indeed, your conduct seems consistent; but how came you and Mr. Surface so confidential?

*Lady S.* For our mutual interest. I have found him out a long time since. I know him to be artful, selfish, and malicious

Snake standing  
near dressing-table  
trifling with its dec-  
orations.

Lady Sneerwell  
sitting at table R.  
pouring out choco-  
late from pot on  
table. Drinks choc-  
olate.

Puts down cup on  
table R.

Lady S. rises.

Lady S. crosses L.  
Snake rises and  
crosses R.

—in short, a sentimental knave; while, with Sir Peter, and indeed with all his acquaintance, he passes for a youthful miracle of prudence, good sense, and benevolence.

*Snake.* Yes: yet Sir Peter vows he has not his equal in England—and above all, he praises him as a man of sentiment.

*Lady S.* True—and with the assistance of his sentiment and hypocrisy, he has brought him entirely into his interest with regard to Maria; while poor Charles has no friend in the house, though, I fear, he has a powerful one in Maria's heart, against whom we must direct our schemes.

*Enter SERVANT, C. from R.*

*Serv. Mr. Surface.*

*Lady S.* [*Crosses c.*] Show him up. [*Exit Servant, c.*] He generally calls about this time. I don't wonder at people giving him to me for a lover.

*Enter JOSEPH SURFACE, C.*

*Joseph S. (c.)* My dear Lady Sneerwell, how do you do to-day? Mr. Snake, your most obedient.

*Lady S. (R.)* Snake has just been rallying me on our mutual attachment; but I have informed him of our real views. You know how useful he has been to us, and believe me, the confidence is not ill-placed.

*Joseph S.* Madam, it is impossible for me to suspect a man of Mr. Snake's sensibility and discernment.

*Lady S.* Well, well, no compliments now; but tell me when you saw your mistress, Maria—or, what is more material to me, your brother.

*Joseph S.* I have not seen either since I left you; but I can inform you that they never meet. Some of your stories have taken a good effect on Maria.

*Lady S.* Ah! my dear Snake! the merit of this belongs to you; but do your brother's distresses increase?

*Joseph S.* Every hour. I am told he has had another execution in the house yesterday. In short, his dissipation and extravagance exceed everything I ever heard of.

*Lady S.* Poor Charles!

*Joseph S.* True, madam; notwithstanding his vices, one cannot help feeling for him. Poor Charles! I'm sure I wish it were in my power to be of any essential service to him; for the man who does not feel for the distresses of a friend, even though merited by his own misconduct, deserves——

*Lady S.* O Lud! you are going to be moral, and forget that you are among friends.

*Joseph S.* Egad, that's true! I'll keep that sentiment till I

*Lady S. sits at dressing-table.*

*Servant precedes Joseph, who hands him hat and cane. Servant exits. Joseph bows formally to Lady Sneerwell. Turning sees Snake up-stage. Snake comes down. Snake bows first to Lady S., then to Joseph as each compliments him.*

*Joseph sits at table L.*

*Joseph rises.*

*Joseph sits down.*

see Sir Peter. However, it is certainly a charity to rescue Maria from such a libertine, who, if he is to be reclaimed, can only be so by one of your ladyship's superior accomplishments and understanding. [*Knock.*]

*Snake.* I believe, Lady Sneerwell, here's company coming. I'll go and copy the letter I mentioned to you. Mr. Surface, your most obedient.

*Joseph S.* [*Turning to Snake.*] Sir, your very devoted. [*Exit Snake, L.*] Lady Sneerwell, I am very sorry you have put any further confidence in that fellow.

*Lady S.* Why so?

*Joseph S.* (L.) I have lately detected him in frequent conference with old Rowley, who was formerly my father's steward, and has never, you know, been a friend of mine.

*Lady S.* And do you think he would betray us?

*Joseph S.* Nothing more likely. Take my word for it. He has not honesty enough to be faithful even to his own villainy.—Ah! Maria!

*Enter MARIA C. R., preceded by servant.*

*Lady S.* (c.) Maria, my dear, how do you do?—What's the matter?

*Maria.* (L.) Oh! there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipped out, and ran hither to avoid them.

*Lady S.* Is that all?

*Joseph S.* (R.) If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

*Lady S.* Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here.—But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done, that you should avoid him so?

*Maria.* Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said; his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

*Joseph S.* Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle Crabtree's as bad.

*Lady S.* Nay, but we should make allowance.—Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

*Maria.* For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice.—What do you think, Mr. Surface? [*Crosses to him.*]

Snake and Joseph bow to each other with excessive politeness.

Rising with anxiety.

Joseph bows to Maria, tries to take her hand. She stops and draws back. Lady S. crosses to her C. Joseph goes up annoyed. Lady S. invites Maria in action to be seated.

Lady S. crosses L.

*Joseph S.* Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.

*Lady S. (L.)* Pshaw!—there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick.—What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

*Joseph S. (R.)* To be sure, madam; that conversation, where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

*Maria. (C.)* Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalry, and a thousand little motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one. [*sits R.*]

*Enter SERVANT, C. R.*

*Serv. Mrs. Candour.* [*Exit Servant, C.*]

*Lady S.* Now Maria, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman.

*Maria.* Yes,—with a very gross affectation of good nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

*Joseph S.* P'faith that's true, Lady Sneerwell: whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

*Lady S.* Hush!—here she is!—

*Servant shows in MRS. CANDOUR, C. R.*

*Mrs. Can.* My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr. Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

*Joseph S. (R.)* Just so, indeed, ma'am.

*Mrs. C. [Crosses to Maria.]* Oh, Maria! child,—what! is the whole affair off between you and Charles?—His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

*Maria. (R.)* I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

*Mrs. C. (R. C.)* True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was

*Maria rises.*

*Lady S. and Joseph exchange glances. Joseph crosses to L. Lady S. comes to C.*

*Lady S. meets Mrs. Candour as the latter enters.*

to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately, as well as could be wished.

*Maria.* 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

*Mrs. C.* Very true, child :—but what's to be done ?—People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filigree Flirt.—But, Lord ! there's no minding what one hears ; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

*Maria.* Such reports are highly scandalous.

*Mrs. C.* So they are, child—shameful, shameful ! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes.—Lord, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion ? Yet such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopped her last week just as she was stepping into the York Mail with her dancing master.

*Maria.* I'll answer for it, there are no grounds for that report.

*Mrs. C.* Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear ; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month, of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino—though, to be sure, that affair was never rightly cleared up.

*Joseph S.* The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

*Maria.* 'Tis so ; but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable. [*Cross v.*]

*Maria rises.*

*Mrs. C.* To be sure they are : tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one. But what's to be done ? as I said before ; how will you prevent people from talking ? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me Mr and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance ; she likewise hinted that a certain widow in the next street had got rid of her dropsy, and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner. But, Lord, do you think I would report these things ? No, no ! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

*Mrs. Candour rises.*

*Joseph S.* Ah, Mrs. Candour ! if every body had your forbearance and good-nature !

*Joseph rises.*

*Mrs. C.* I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs ; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. By the by, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined ?

*Lady Sneerwell joins Maria.*

*Joseph S.* I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

*Mrs. C.* Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way; so if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too, and that, you know, is a consolation.

*Joseph S.* Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

*Enter SERVANT, C. R.*

Joseph goes up R.  
C. Maria comes  
down R.

*Serv.* Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Lady S.* So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you sha'n't escape.

Maria makes an  
attempt to go away.

Lady S. meets and  
receives Crabtree  
and Sir B.

*Enter CRABTREE, 1st, and SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE 2nd, L.*

*Crab.* Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand—[*Crosses to Mrs. Candour.*]*—Mrs. Candour,* I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet, too; isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

*Sir B. (L.)* O fie, uncle!

*Crab.* Nay, egad, it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymers in the kingdom.—Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire?—Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now;—your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and—

*Sir B.* Uncle, now—pr'thee—[*x. R.*]

*Crab.* P'faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at these things.

[*Sits L. of Mrs. Candour.*]

*Lady S.* I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

Lady S. sits R.

*Sir B.* To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print, and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. [*Crosses to Maria.*] However, I have some love elegies which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

Chocolate is hand-  
ed round by the  
servant.

*Crab.* 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalize you!—you will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura or Waller's Sacharissa.

*Sir B.* Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin.—'Fore Gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind.

*Crab.* [To *Mrs. Candour.*] But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

*Mrs. C.* What, sir, do you mean the report of—

*Crab.* No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

*Mrs. C.* Impossible!

*Crab.* Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir B. crosses C.

*Sir B.* 'Tis very true, ma'am; every thing is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoken.

*Crab.* Yes—and they do say there were very pressing reasons for it.

Servant removes cups and exits.

*Lady S.* (L.) Why, I have heard something of this before.

*Mrs. C.* (x. L.) It can't be—and I wonder any one should believe such a story, of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

*Sir B.* (R. c.) O lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that every body was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

*Mrs. C.* Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp, as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation, that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robust characters of a hundred prudes.

*Sir B.* True, madam—there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

*Mrs. C.* Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

*Crab.* That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am.—Did you ever hear how Miss Piper came to lose her lover and her character last summer at Tunbridge?—Sir Benjamin, you remember it?

*Sir B.* Oh, to be sure?—the most whimsical circumstance.

*Lady S.* How was it, pray?

*Crab.* Why, one evening, at Mrs. Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn on the breeding Nova Scotia sheep in this country. Says a young lady in company, I have known instances of it—for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins.—What! cries the lady dowager Dundizy (who you know is as deaf as a post), has Miss Piper had twins?—This mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole company into a fit of laughter. However, 'twas the next day everywhere reported, and in a few days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually

Maria goes up R.  
Joseph comes down R.

been brought to bed of a fine boy and girl ; and in less than a week, there were some people who could name the father, and the farm-house where the babies were put out to nurse.

*Lady S.* Strange, indeed !

*Crab.* Matter of fact, I assure you.—[*Crosses to Surface.*]—O lud ! Mr. Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home ?

*Joseph S. (L.)* Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

*Crab.* [R. of *Joseph.*] He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe ?—Sad comfort whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on !

*Joseph S.* Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure ; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

*Sir B.* To be sure he may : for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say ; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

*Crab.* That's true, egad, nephew. If the old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman :—no man more popular there, 'fore Gad ! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine ; and that whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

*Sir B.* Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities : have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

*Joseph S.* This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

*Maria.* Their malice is intolerable. [*Goes up.*]

*Mrs. C.* O dear ! she changes colour very much. [*Whispered.*]

*Lady S.* Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her : she may want your assistance. [*Whispered.*]

*Mrs. C.* That I will, with all my soul.—Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be ! [*Goes up.*]

*Lady S.* 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

*Sir B.* The young lady's *penchant* is obvious.

*Crab.* But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that : follow her, and put her in good humour. Aye, 'fore Gad, repeat to her some of your verses ;—by the by, your epigram on Lady Betty's ponies.

*Lady S. (R.)* Yes, do ; let us all hear it.

*Joseph S.* Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

*Sir B.* O plague on't, uncle ! 'tis mere nonsense.

*Crab.* No no ; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore !

Maria turns in indignation. Sir B. pokes Crabtree in the side with cane. Crabtree chuckles. General laugh.

All look after Maria.

Lady S. goes up to meet other guests, who arrive at the back ; others follow at intervals.



*Sir B.* (R. c.) But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty Currie was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which I took out my pocketbook, and in one moment produced the following:

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;  
Other horses are clowns, but these maccaronies:  
To give them this title I'm sure is not wrong,  
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

*Crab.* There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

*Joseph S.* (R.) A very Phœbus, mounted—indeed, Sir Benjamin.

*Sir B.* O dear, sir! trifles—trifles.

*Enter LADY TEAZLE, C. R.*

*Mrs. C.* I must have a copy.

*Lady S.* Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

*Lady T.* I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

*Lady S.* Maria, my dear, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

*Maria.* I take very little pleasure in cards—however, I'll do as your ladyship pleases.

*[Retires up c. with Lady Sneerwell and Surface. The guests of the evening begin to arrive at the back, and enter at intervals.]*

*Mrs. C.* *[They all advance.]* Now, I'll die, but you are all so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

*Lady T.* What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

*Mrs. C.* They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermilion to be handsome.

*Lady S.* *[Comes down, L.]* Oh, surely, she is a pretty woman.

*Crab.* I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

*Mrs. C.* She has a charming fresh colour.

*Lady T.* *[Crosses, c.]* Yes, when it is fresh put on

*Mrs. C.* O fie! I'll swear her colour is natural: I have seen it come and go.

*Lady T.* I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

*Mrs. C.* Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely now, her sister *is*, or *was*, very handsome.

*Crab.* Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six and fifty if she's an hour!

*Mrs. C.* Now positively you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

*Mrs. C., Sir B. and Crabtree go up C.*

*Lady S. meets Lady Teazle C., saluting her on both cheeks.*

*Sir B.* (R. c.) Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

*Lady S.* (L.) Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre caulks her wrinkles.

*Sir B.* Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill—but when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk is antique.

*Crab.* Ha! ha! ha! Well said, nephew!

[*Music.* Servants give the characters coffee, &c. and wait behind.]

*Mrs. C.* Ha! ha! ha! Well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

*Sir B.* Why, she has very pretty teeth.

*Lady T.* Yes, and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always ajar, as it were,—thus.

[*Shows her teeth.*]

*Mrs. C.* How can you be so ill-natured?

*Lady T.* Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were,—thus—  
*How do you do, madam? Yes, madam.*

[*Mimics.*]

*Lady S.* Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

Lady S. crosses to Lady T.

*Lady T.* In defence of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

[*Crosses L.*]

*Servant announces.*—Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE, C. R.

*Sir P.* Ladies, your most obedient. Mercy on me! here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose.

[*Aside.*]

*Mrs. C.* I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious—they'll allow good qualities to nobody.

*Sir P.* That must be very distressing to you, indeed, Mrs. Candour.

Sir Peter crosses to Mrs. C.

*Mrs. C.* Not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

*Lady T.* (L. c.) What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

*Mrs. C.* Nay, but her bulk is her misfortune; and when she

takes such pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

*Lady S.* That's very true, indeed.

*Lady T.* Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pulleys; and often in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot. [x. c.]

Lady T. imitates  
fat woman riding.  
General laugh.

*Mrs. C.* I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

*Sir P.* Yes, a good defence truly!

*Mrs. C.* But Sir Benjamin is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

*Crab.* Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

*Mrs. C.* Positively, you shall not be so severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labours under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl at six and thirty.

*Lady S.* Though surely she is handsome still—and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candlelight, it is not to be wondered at.

*Mrs. C.* True, and then as to her manner; upon my word, I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education: for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

*Sir B.* Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

*Sir P.* Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! [x. L.]

[Aside.]

*Sir B.* And Mrs. Candour is of so moral a turn.

*Mrs. C.* Well, I will never join ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle; and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

*Crab.* Oh, to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

*Sir B.* So she has, indeed—an Irish front.

*Crab.* Caledonian locks—

*Sir B.* Dutch nose—

*Crab.* Austrian lips—

*Sir B.* Complexion of a Spaniard—

*Crab.* And teeth à la *Chinois*—

*Sir B.* In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa—where no two guests are of a nation—

*Crab.* Or a congress at the close of a general war—wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different

interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

*Mrs. C.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir P.* Mercy on my life!—a person they dine with twice a week.

[*Aside.*

*Mrs. C.* Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so—for, give me leave to say, that Mrs. Ogle—

*Sir P.* [*Crosses to Mrs Candour.*] Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

[*Mrs. Candour turns up the stage.*

*Lady S.* Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature,—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

*Sir P.* Ah! madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good-nature than your ladyship is aware of.

*Lady T.* True, Sir Peter; I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Lady T. down L.  
of Sir Peter.

*Sir B.* Or rather, suppose them man and wife, because one so seldom sees them together.

*Lady T.* But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by parliament.

*Sir P.* 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, as well as game, I believe many would thank them for the bill.

Lady T. goes up  
followed by Sir B.

*Lady S.* O Lud! Sir Peter; would you deprive us of our privileges?

Mrs. C. comes  
down.

*Sir P.* Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputation, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

*Lady S.* Go, you monster!

*Mrs. C.* But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

Sir P. bows to  
Mrs. C. on the "dis-  
appointed widows"  
and to Lady S. on  
"qualified old  
maids."

*Sir P.* Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

[*Servant enters c. and whispers Sir Peter.*

*Crab.* Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

*Sir P.* [*To the Servant.*] I'll be with them directly.—I'll get away unperceived. [*Apart.*]

[*Exit Servant, c.*

*Lady S.* Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us just as the dance begins.

*Sir P.* Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me.

[*Exit Sir Peter, c.*]

*Sir B.* Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him that would make you laugh heartily, if he were not your husband.

*Lady T.* O, pray don't mind that;—why don't you?—Come, do let's hear them. [*Joins the rest of the company going into the next room c.* *Surface and Maria advance.*]

*Joseph S.* Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

*Maria.* (L.) How is it possible I should?—If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us, be the province of wit or humour, Heaven grant me a double portion of dulness!

*Joseph S.* (R.) Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are,—they have no malice at heart.

*Maria.* Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues, but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

*Joseph S.* But can you, Maria, feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone?—Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion?

*Maria.* Why will you distress me by renewing this subject?

*Joseph S.* Ah, Maria! you would not treat me thus, and oppose your guardian, Sir Peter's will, but that I see that profligate Charles is still a favoured rival.

*Maria.* Ungenerously urged!—But whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall not feel more bound to give him up, because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother. [*Crosses, R.*]

Joseph kneels to Maria.

*Joseph S.* (L.) Nay, but Maria, do not leave me with a frown: by all that's honest, I swear—Gad's life, here's Lady Teazle!— [*Aside.*—You must not—no, you shall not—for, though I have the greatest regard for Lady Teazle—

*Maria.* Lady Teazle!

*Joseph S.* Yet, were Sir Peter to suspect—

*Enter LADY TEAZLE, L. C. L. and comes forward, c.*

Joseph rises.

*Lady T.* What is this, pray? Does he take her for me?—Child, you are wanted in the next room.— [*Exit MARIA, c. c.* ]—What is all this, pray?

*Joseph S.* O, the most unlucky circumstance in nature! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I have for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint Sir Peter with her

suspicious, and I was just endeavouring to reason with her when you came in.

*Lady T.* Indeed! but you seemed to adopt a very tender method of reasoning—do you usually argue on your knees?

*Joseph S.* O, she's a child, and I thought a little bombast—But, Lady Teazle, when are you to give me your judgment on my library, as you promised?

*Lady T.* No, no; I begin to think it would be imprudent, and you know I admit you as a lover no further than fashion requires.

*Joseph S.* True, a mere platonic cicisbeo—what every London wife is entitled to.

*Lady T.* Certainly, one must not be out of the fashion. However, I have so many of my country prejudices left, that, though Sir Peter's ill-humour may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to—

*Joseph S.* The only revenge in your power. Well—I applaud your moderation.

*Lady T.* Go—you are an insinuating wretch. [*Crosses, L.*]—But we shall be missed—let us join the company.

*Joseph S.* But we had better not return together.

*Lady T.* Well—don't stay; for Maria shan't come to hear any more of your reasoning, I promise you.

[*Lady Teazle goes up c. Music of Minuet.*

*Joseph S.* A curious dilemma, truly, my politics have run me into! I wanted, at first, only to ingratiate myself with Lady Teazle, that she might not be my enemy with Maria; and I have, I don't know how, become her serious lover. Sincerely, I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many damned rogueries, that I doubt I shall be exposed at last.

[*Exit R. as Minuet begins.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Sir Peter's House. A vast and elegant Saloon. Entrances R and L.*

*Enter LADY TEAZLE and SIR PETER, R.*

*Sir P.* Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

*Lady T. (R.)* Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in every thing; and what's more, I will too. What! though I was educated in

Partners for minuet—Sir B. and Lady S., Crabtree and Mrs. Candour, Joseph and Lady T., Careless and Maria—Curtain falls at end of dance.

Sir P. speaks off stage as they enter. He follows her.

the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

*Sir P. (L.)* Very well, ma'am, very well—so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

*Lady T.* Authority! No to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

*Sir P.* Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

*Lady T.* My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house, and give a fête champêtre at Christmas.

*Lady T.* Lord, Sir Peter, am I to blame, because flowers are dear in cold weather! You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet! [x. L.]

*Sir P.* Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

*Lady T.* No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style:—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working.

*Lady T.* O yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led.—My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt book,—and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so, indeed.

*Lady T.* And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase. [Crosses, R.]

*Sir P. (R.)* I am glad you have so good a memory.—Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered

End of this speech almost aside.

Affected astonishment while arranging her hat at mirror R.

Lady T. sits R. of table L.

Lady T. rises.

footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach-horse.

*Lady T.* (R.) No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

*Sir P.* This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

*Lady T.* Well, then,—and there is but one thing more you can make me add to the obligation, and that is—

*Sir P.* My widow, I suppose?

*Lady T.* Hem! hem! (*Sits L.*)

*Sir P.* I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

*Lady T.* Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

*Sir P.* (L.) 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

*Lady T.* Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

*Sir P.* The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

*Lady T.* For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

*Sir P.* Ay—there again—taste—Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

*Lady T.* That's very true indeed, Sir Peter, [*Rise*] and after having married you I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

*Sir P.* Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

*Lady T.* Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

*Sir P.* Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance: for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a burdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

*Lady T.* What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

*Lady T.* hides face behind fan.

*Lady T.* pats his cheek affectionately. He puts her hand away pettishly.

*Lady T.* laughs.

*Lady T.* pretends astonishment.



*Sir P.* Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

*Lady T. at mirror.* *Lady T.* Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

*Sir P.* Grace, indeed!

*Lady T.* But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse.—When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humour; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me.

*Sir P.* Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

*Lady T.* Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-by to ye. [*Exit Lady Teazle, L. D.*]

*Lady T.* laughs and turns and in teasing manner makes an elaborate courtesy. Then laughs again.

*Sir P.* So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation: yet, with what a charming air she contradicts every thing I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me.

*Enter ROWLEY, L. D.*

*Rowley carries hat and cane.*

*Rowley.* Oh! Sir Peter, your servant; how is it with you, sir?

*Sir P. (L.)* Very bad, master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

*Rowley. (R.)* What can have happened since yesterday?

*Sir P.* A good question to a married man!

*Rowley.* Nay, I'm sure, Sir Peter, your lady cannot be the cause of your uneasiness.

*Sir P.* Why, has anybody told you she was dead?

*Rowley.* Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

*Sir Peter crosses to R. C.*

*Sir P.* But the fault is entirely hers, master Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper: and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

*Rowley.* Indeed!

*Sir P.* Ay! and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong! But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete my vexations, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power of a father over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

*At end of speech Sir P. crosses to L.*

*Rowley.* You know, sir, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honoured master, was, at his years, nearly as wild a spark; yet, when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

*Sir P.* You are wrong, master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's Eastern liberality gave them an early independence: of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the sentiments he professes; but for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend Sir Oliver will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

*Rowley.* I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

*Sir P.* What! let me hear.

*Rowley.* Sir Oliver *is* arrived, and at this moment in town. Indeed, he will be shortly with you.

*Sir P.* How you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

*Rowley.* I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick. He will make his first call on you.

*Sir P.* Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis sixteen years since we met.—We have had many a day together:—but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

*Rowley.* Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

*Sir P.* Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits—however, he shall have his way: but, pray, does he know I am married?

*Rowley.* Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

*Sir P.* What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption. Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together: but he has been steady to his text. Well, he must be at my house, though!—I'll instantly give orders for his reception. But, master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

*Rowley.* By no means.

*Sir P.* For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so

*Sir P.* very much  
irritated sits R. of  
table L.

*Sir P.* rises.

I'd have him think, Lord forgive me! that we are a very happy couple.

*Rowley.* I understand you:—but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

*Sir P.* Egad, and so we must—and that's impossible. Ah! master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves—no—the crime carries its punishment along with it.

*Enter SERVANT, L. D.*

*Ser.* Sir Oliver Surface, sir, is below, Sir Peter. [*Exit.*

*Row.* Come, let us go to him.

*Sir P.* No no, master Rowley, I'd never dare to face Noll at this moment. Go you and receive him till I can regain my composure. And, Rowley, break the news of my marriage infelicity to him gently. Take the edge of his ridicule upon yourself, so that when we meet his jests will be easier to bear. Go to him. [*Exit ROWLEY, L.*

*Sir P.* When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tift a little going to church, and came to a quarrel before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours: yet, the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it. [*Exit Sir Peter, R.*

*Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE and ROWLEY, L. R.*

*Sir O. (R.)* Ha! ha! ha! So my old friend is married, hey?—a young wife out of the country—Ha! ha! ha! That he should have stood bluff to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last.

*Row. (L.)* But you must not rally him on the subject, Sir Oliver: 'tis a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

*Sir O.* Then he has been just half a year on the stool of repentance!—Poor Peter!—But you say he has entirely given up Charles,—never sees him, hey?

*Row.* His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure, greatly increased by a jealousy of him with Lady Teazle, which he has been industriously led into by a scandalous society in the neighbourhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles's ill-

name. Whereas, the truth is, I believe, if the lady is partial to either of them, his brother is the favourite.

*Sir O.* (R.) Ay, I know there are a set of malicious, prating, impudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name, before he has years to know the value of it. But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you.—No, no,—if Charles has done nothing false or mean, I shall compound for his extravagance.

*Row.* (R.) Then, my life on't, you will reclaim him.—Ah, sir! it gives me new life to find that *your* heart is not turned against him; and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

*Sir O.* What, shall I forget, master Rowley, when I was at his years myself?—Egad, my brother and I were neither of us very prudent youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was.

*Row.* Sir, 'tis this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a credit to his family. But here comes Sir Peter.

Rowley looks off R.

[Goes a little up.

*Sir O.* Egad, so he does.—Mercy on me!—he's greatly altered—and seems to have a settled married look! One may read *husband* in his face at this distance!

Sir O. looks off R.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE, R.

*Sir P.* (R.) Hah! Sir Oliver—my old friend! Welcome to England a thousand times!

*Sir O.* (C.) Thank you—thank you, Sir Peter! and i'faith I'm glad to find you well, believe me.

*Sir P.* (R.) Oh! 'tis a long time since we met—fifteen years, I doubt, Sir Oliver, and many a cross accident in the time.

*Sir O.* Ay, I have had my share.—But what! I find you are married, hey, my old boy?—Well, well—it can't be helped—and so—I wish you joy with all my heart.

*Sir P.* Thank you, thank you, Sir Oliver.—Yes, I have entered into—the happy state;—but we'll not talk of that now.

*Sir O.* True, true, Sir Peter: old friends should not begin on grievances at first meeting—no, no, no.—

*Row.* (L.) Take care, pray, sir.—

*Sir O.* Well—so one of my nephews is a wild rogue, I find, hey?

*Sir P.* Wild!—Ah! my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends; Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be. Every body in the world speaks well of him.

*Sir O.* I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to

Sir P. and Sir O. shake hands effusively, laughing. As soon as Sir O. says "married" Sir P. stops suddenly. Stops laughing.

be an honest fellow. Every body speaks well of him!—Pshaw! then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

*Sir P.* What, Sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies?

*Sir O.* Yes, if he has merit enough to deserve them.

*Sir P.* Well, well—you'll be convinced when you know him. 'Tis edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments.

*Sir O.* Oh! plague of his sentiments! If he salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly.—But, however, don't mistake me, Sir Peter; I don't mean to defend Charles's errors: but before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts; and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

*Row.* And Sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

*Sir P.* Oh! my life on Joseph's honour.

*Sir O.* And my life on the other. Odds my life! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little; for my part, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth; 'tis like ivy round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the tree.

*Sir P.* (c.) Well, well, but—this plan, master Rowley? I don't see the jet of your scheme.

*Row.* (R.) Why, sir, it is this: There is a certain Mr. Stanley, who is nearly related to them by their mother. He was once a merchant in Dublin, but has been ruined by a series of undeserved misfortunes. He has applied, by letter, since his confinement, both to Mr. Surface and Charles; from the former he has received nothing but evasive promises of future service, while Charles has done all that his extravagance has left him power to do; and he is, at this time, endeavouring to raise a sum of money, part of which, in the midst of his own distresses, I know he intends for the service of poor Stanley.

*Sir O.* (R.) Ah! he is my brother's son.

*Sir P.* Well, but how is Sir Oliver personally to—

*Row.* Why, sir, I will inform Charles and his brother that Stanley has obtained permission to apply personally to his friends, and as they have neither of them ever seen him, let Sir Oliver assume his character, and he will have a fair opportunity of judging, at least, of the benevolence of their dispositions; and believe me, sir, you will find in the youngest brother, one, who, in the midst of folly and dissipation, has still, as our immortal bard expresses it,—“a heart to pity, and a hand, open as day, for melting charity.”

[*Servant enters and whispers Rowley.*]

*Sir P.* Pshaw! What signifies his having an open hand or

purse either, when he has nothing left to give? Well, well—make the trial, if you please.

*Sir O.* But where is the fellow whom you brought for me to examine, relative to Charles's affairs?

*Row.* Below, waiting your commands, and no one can give you better intelligence. This, Sir Oliver, is a friendly Jew, who, to do him justice, has done every thing in his power to bring your nephew to a proper sense of his extravagance.

*Sir P.* Pray, let us have him in.

*Row.* Desire Mr. Moses to walk up stairs. *[Exit Servant.]*

*Sir P.* But pray, why should you suppose he will tell the truth?

*Row.* Oh! I have convinced him that he has no chance of recovering certain sums advanced to Charles, but through the bounty of Sir Oliver, who he knows is arrived; so that you may depend on his fidelity to his own interests: I have also another evidence in my power, one Snake, whom I have detected in a matter little short of forgery, and shall shortly produce to remove some of your prejudices, Sir Peter, relative to Charles and Lady Teazle.

*Sir P.* I have heard too much on that subject. *[Sits.]*

*Row.* Here comes the honest Israelite.—

*Enter MOSES, L. D.*

This is Sir Oliver.

*Sir O.* Sir, I understand you have lately had great dealings with my nephew, Charles.

*Moses.* *[Crosses to Sir O.]* Yes, Sir Oliver, I have done all I could for him; but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance.

*Sir O.* That was unlucky, truly; for you had no opportunity of showing your talents.

*Moses.* None at all; I hadn't the pleasure of knowing his distresses till he was some thousands worse than nothing.

*Sir O.* Unfortunate, indeed!—But I suppose you have done all in your power for him, honest Moses?

*Moses.* Yes, he knows that;—this very evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will, I believe, advance him some money.

*Sir P.* What, one Charles never had money from before?

*Moses.* Yes—Mr. Premium, of Crutched Friars, formerly a broker.

*Sir P.* *[Rises.]* Egad, Sir Oliver, a thought strikes me!—Charles, you say, does not know Mr. Premium?

*Moses.* Not at all.

*Sir P.* Now then, Sir Oliver, you may have a better oppor-

*Sir P. crosses C.*

tunity of satisfying yourself than by any old romancing tale of a poor relation : go with my friend Moses, and represent Premium, and then, I'll answer for it, you'll see your nephew in all his glory.

*Sir O.* Egad, I like this idea better than the other, and I may visit Joseph afterwards, as old Stanley.

*Sir P.* True—so you may.

*Row.* Well, this is taking Charles rather at a disadvantage, to be sure ;—however, Moses, you understand Sir Peter, and will be faithful ?

*Moses.* You may depend upon me ; [*Looks at his watch.*] this is near the time I was to have gone. [*Crosses L.*]

*Sir O.* crosses L.  
after Moses, stopping  
L. C.

*Sir O.* I'll accompany you as soon as you please, Moses—But hold ! I have forgot one thing—how the plague shall I be able to pass for a Jew ?

*Moses.* There's no need—the principal is Christian.

*Sir O.* Is he ? I'm very sorry to hear it. But then again, an't I rather too smartly dressed to look like a money lender ?

*Sir P.* Not at all ; 'twould not be out of character, if you went in your own carriage, would it, Moses ?

*Moses.* Not in the least.

*Sir O.* Well—but how must I talk ?—there's certainly some cant of usury and mode of treating that I ought to know.

*Sir P.* O ! there's not much to learn. The great point, as I take it, is to be exorbitant enough in your demands—hey, Moses ?

*Moses.* Yes, that's a very great point.

*Sir O.* I'll answer for't I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent. on the loan, at least.

*Moses.* If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.

*Sir O.* Hey !—what the plague !—how much then ?

*Moses.* That depends upon the circumstances. If he appears not very anxious for the supply, you should require only forty or fifty per cent. ; but if you find him in great distress, and want the moneys very bad, you may ask double.

*Sir P.* A good honest trade you're learning, Sir Oliver.

*Sir O.* Truly, I think so—and not unprofitable.

*Moses.* Then, you know, you hav'n't the moneys yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him from a friend.

*Sir O.* Oh ! I borrow it of a friend, do I ?

*Moses.* Yes ; and your friend is an unconscionable dog : but you can't help that.

*Sir O.* My friend an unconscionable dog, is he ?

*Moses.* Yes, and he himself has not the moneys by him, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss.

*Sir O.* He is forced to sell stock at a great loss, is he? Well, that's very kind of him.

*Sir P.* F' faith, Sir Oliver—Mr. Premium, I mean,—you'll soon be master of the trade.

*Sir O.* Moses shall give me further instructions as we go together.

*Sir P.* You will not have much time, for your nephew lives hard by.

*Sir O.* O! never fear: my tutor appears so able, that though Charles lived in the next street, it must be my own fault if I am not a complete rogue before I turn the corner.

[*Exeunt Sir Oliver Surface and Moses, L.*]

*Sir P.* So, now, I think Sir Oliver will be convinced: you are partial, Rowley, and would have prepared Charles for the other plot.

*Row.* No, upon my word, Sir Peter.

*Sir P.* Well, go bring me this Snake, and I'll hear what he has to say, presently.—I see Maria, and want to speak with her. [*Exit Rowley, L.*] I should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of Lady Teazle and Charles were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph—I am determined I will do it—he will give me his opinion sincerely.

Looking off L. and crossing.

*Enter MARIA, L.*

So, child, has Mr. Surface returned with you?

*Maria.* (L.) No, sir; he was engaged.

*Sir P.* (R.) Well, Maria, do you not reflect, the more you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves?

*Maria.* Indeed, Sir Peter, your frequent importunity on this subject distresses me extremely—you compel me to declare, that I know no man who has ever paid me a particular attention whom I would not prefer to Mr. Surface.

*Sir P.* So—here's perverseness!—No, no, Maria, 'tis Charles only whom you would prefer. 'Tis evident his vices and follies have won your heart.

*Maria.* This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him: I have heard enough to convince me that he is unworthy of my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable, if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

*Sir P.* Well, well, pity him as much as you please; but give your heart and hand to a worthy object.

*Maria.* Never to his brother.

[*Crosses, R.*]

*Sir P.* Go—perverse and obstinate! but take care, madam;



you have never yet known what the authority of a guardian is, don't compel me to inform you of it.

*Maria.* I can only say, you shall not have just reason. 'Tis true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound to regard you as his substitute; but I must cease to think you so when you would compel me to be miserable. [*Exit Maria, &c.*]

*Sir P.* Was ever man so crossed as I am? Every thing conspiring to fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight, before her father, a hale and hearty man, died, on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter. [*Lady Teazle sings without.*] But here comes my helpmate! She appears in great good humour. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

Lady T. sings off stage, "I'll be no submissive wife."

*Enter LADY TEAZLE, &c.*

*Lady T.* Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you hav'n't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humoured when I am not by.

Lady T. is in very gay humor. Sir P. receives her in same spirit.

*Sir P. (L.)* Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humoured at all times.

*Lady T. (R.)* I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

*Sir P.* Two hundred pounds! What, an't I to be in a good-humour without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and if faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it [*Gives her notes*]; but seal me a bond of repayment.

Sir P. tries to kiss her lips.

*Lady T.* O no—there—my note of hand will do as well.

[*Offering her hand.*]

Sir P. kisses her hand.

*Sir P.* And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you:—but shall we always live thus, hey?

*Lady T.* If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

*Sir P.* Well—then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady T. tucks her hand under his arm and pats his hand with her fan.

*Lady T.* I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you— you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, and you were kind and attentive—

*Lady T.* Ay, so I was, and would always take your part,

when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

*Sir P.* Indeed!

*Lady T.* Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

*Sir P.* Thank you.

*Lady T.* And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

*Sir P.* And you prophesied right: and we shall now be the happiest couple—

*Lady T.* And never differ again? [*Both sit, c.*]

*Sir P.* No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you will recollect, my love, you always begin first.

*Lady T.* I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed, you always gave the provocation.

*Sir P.* Now see, my angel! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

*Lady T.* Then don't you begin it, my love!

*Sir P.* There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

*Lady T.* Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

*Sir P.* There! now you want to quarrel again.

*Lady T.* No, I am sure I don't:—but if you will be so peevish—

*Sir P.* There now! who begins first?

*Lady T.* Why you, to be sure. [*Both start up.*] I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper. [*x. L.*]

*Sir P.* No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

*Lady T.* Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

*Sir P.* Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

*Lady T.* You are a great bear, I am sure, to abuse my relations.

*Sir P.* Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more.

*Lady T.* So much the better.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest squires in the neighbourhood.

*Lady T.* And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old

*Sir P.* suddenly dropping her hand off his arm.

Bows a little stiffly.

Good-naturedly again.

*Lady T.* is very sweet at first. The quarrel should begin very piano and work up gradually.

dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

[Crosses, R.

*Sir P.* Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

*Lady T.* No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who every body said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

[Crosses, L.

*Sir P.* (L.) I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of every thing. I believe you capable of every thing that is bad.—Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam.—Yes, madam, *you* and Charles are—not without grounds.

*Lady T.* (R) Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

*Sir P.* Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please! Yes, madam, or a divorce!—I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

*Lady T.* Agreed! agreed!—And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple—and never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so bye—bye.

[Exit, L.

*Sir P.* Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! but I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper.

[Exit, R.

END OF ACT II.

### ACT III

SCENE: *The Picture Gallery at CHARLES SURFACE'S. Curtains in Arch at back concealing Dining-room.*

*Enter TRIP, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, and MOSES, R.*

*Trip.* Here, master Moses! if you'll stay a moment, I'll try whether—what's the gentleman's name?

*Sir O.* Mr. Moses, what is my name?

*Moses.* Mr. Premium.

*Trip.* Premium—very well.

[Exit *Trip*, taking snuff behind curtain.

*Sir O. (L.)* To judge by the servants, one wouldn't believe the master was ruined. But what!—sure, this was my brother's house?

*Moses. (R.)* Yes, sir; Mr. Charles bought it of Mr. Joseph, with the furniture, pictures, &c, just as the old gentleman left it. Sir Peter thought it a piece of extravagance in him.

*Sir O.* In my mind, the other's economy in selling it to him was more reprehensible by half.

*Re-enter TRIP.*

*Trip.* My master says you must wait, gentlemen: he has company, and can't speak with you yet.

*Sir O.* If he knew who it was wanted to see him, perhaps he would not send such a message?

*Trip.* Yes, yes, sir: he knows you are here—I did not forget little Premium: no, no, no.

*Sir O.* Very well; and I pray, sir, what may be your name?

*Trip.* Trip, sir; my name is Trip, at your service.

*Sir O.* Well then, Mr. Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I guess?

*Trip.* Why, yes—here are three or four of us pass our time agreeably enough; but then our wages are sometimes a little in arrear—and not very great either—but fifty pounds a year, and find our own bags and bouquets. [*Crosses to Moses.*]

*Sir O.* Bags and bouquets! halts and bastinadoes! [*Aside.*]

*Trip.* And, *a-propos*, Moses—have you been able to get me that little bill discounted?

*Sir O.* Wants to raise money too!—mercy on me! Has his distresses, too, I warrant, like a lord, and affects creditors and duns. [*Aside.*]

*Moses. (L.)* 'Twas not to be done, indeed, Mr. Trip.

[*Gives Trip the note.*]

*Trip. (c.)* Good lack, you surprise me! My friend Brush has endorsed it, and I thought when he put his name at the back of a bill 'twas the same as cash.

*Moses.* No! 'twouldn't do.

*Trip.* A small sum—but twenty pounds. Hark'ee, Moses, do you think you couldn't get it me by way of annuity?

*Sir O. (L.)* An annuity! ha! ha! a footman raise money by way of annuity! Well done, luxury, egad! [*Aside.*]

*Moses.* Well, but you must insure your place.

*Trip.* O, with all my heart! I'll insure my place, and my life too, if you please.

*Sir O.* It's more than I would your neck. [*Aside.*]

*Moses.* But is there nothing you could deposit?

*Trip.* Why, nothing capital of my master's wardrobe has

dropped lately; [*Bell rings, R*] but I could give you a mortgage on some of his winter clothes, with equity of redemption before November—or you shall have the reversion of the French velvet, or a post-obit on the blue and silver: [*Bell rings, R*] these, I should think, Moses, with a few pair of point ruffles, as a collateral security.—[*Bell rings, R*—Egad, [*Crosses, R*] I heard the bell! I believe, gentlemen, I can now introduce you. Don't forget the annuity, little Moses! This way, gentlemen. I'll insure my place, you know. [*Opens door, R*

*Sir O.* If the man be a shadow of the master, this is the temple of dissipation indeed! [*Exeunt, R*

*Trip returns and draws the curtains at back, discovering CHARLES SURFACE, CARELESS, SIR HARRY, &c., at a table. All rise and come forward. Servants bring wine and serve it. Trip exit, R.*

*Charles S.* 'Fore heaven, 'tis true!—there's the great degeneracy of the age. Many of our acquaintance have taste, spirit, and politeness; but, plague on't, they won't drink wine.

*Care.* It is so indeed, Charles! they give into all the substantial luxuries of the table, and abstain from nothing but wine and wit. O, certainly society suffers by it intolerably: for now, instead of the social spirit of raillery that used to mantle over a glass of bright Burgundy, their conversation is become just like the Spa water they drink, which has all the pertness and flatulency of Champagne, without its spirit or flavour.

*Sir H.* [*Seated L.*] But what are they to do who love play better than wine?

*Care.* (R.) True! there's Sir Harry diets himself for gaming, and is now under a hazard regimen.

*Charles S.* Then he'll have the worst of it. What! you wouldn't train a horse for the course by keeping him from corn? For my part, egad! I am never so successful as when I am a little merry: let me throw on a bottle of Champagne, and I never lose.

*All.* Hey, what?

*Charles S.* At least, I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing.

*Care.* Ay, that I believe.

*Charles S.* And then, what man can pretend to be a believer in love, who is an abjurer of wine? 'Tis the test by which the lover knows his own heart. Fill a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats at the top is the maid that has bewitched you.

*Care.* Now then, Charles, be honest, and give us your real favourite.

*Charles S.* Why, I have withheld her only in compassion to you. If I toast her, you must give a round of her peers, which is impossible—on earth.

*Care.* Oh! then we'll find some canonized vestals, or heathen goddesses that will do, I warrant.

*Charles S.* Here then, bumpers, you rogues! bumpers! Maria! Maria!

*Sir H.* Maria who?

*Charles S.* Oh, damn the surname—'tis too formal to be registered in Love's calendar;—Maria!

*All.* Maria!

[*They drink.*]

*Charles S.* But now, Sir Harry, beware, we must have beauty superlative.

*Care.* Nay, never study, Sir Harry: we'll stand to the toast, though your mistress should want an eye, and you know you have a song will excuse you.

*Sir H.* Egad, so I have! and I'll give him the song instead of the lady.

## SONG.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;  
Here's to the widow of fifty;  
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,  
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

*Chorus.* Let the toast pass,—  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;  
Now to the maid who has none, sir:  
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,  
And here's to the nymph with but *one*, sir.

*Chorus.* Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;  
Now to her that's as brown as a berry:  
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,  
And now to the damsel that's merry.

*Chorus.* Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,  
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;  
So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,  
And let us e'en toast them together.

*Chorus.* Let the toast pass, &c.

*All.* Bravo! Bravo!

*Enter* TRIP, R., *and whispers* CHARLES SURFACE.

*Charles S.* [*Rises.*] Gentlemen, you must excuse me a little.

*Care.* Nay, prithee, Charles, what now? This is one of your peerless beauties, I suppose, has dropt in by chance?

*Charles S.* No, faith! To tell the truth, 'tis a Jew and a broker, who are come by appointment.

*Care.* O damn it! let's have the Jew in.

*Sir H.* Ay, and the broker too, by all means.

*Care.* Yes, yes, the Jew and the broker.

*Charles S.* Egad, with all my heart! Trip, bid the gentlemen walk in—[*Exit Trip, R.*—though there's one of them a stranger, I can assure you.

*Care.* Charles, let us give them some generous Burgundy, and perhaps they'll grow conscientious.

*Charles S.* O hang'em, no! wine does but draw forth a man's natural qualities; and to make them drink would only be to whet their knavery.

*Enter TRIP, MOSES, and SIR OLIVER SURFACE, R.*

*They cross to L.*

*Charles S.* So, honest Moses, walk in; walk in, pray, Mr. Premium—that's the gentleman's name; isn't it, Moses?

*Moses.* Yes, sir.

*Charles S.* Set chairs, Trip—sit down, Mr. Premium—glasses, Trip—sit down, Moses. [*They sit to L.*] Come, Mr. Premium, I'll give you a sentiment; here's *Success to usury!*—Moses, fill the gentleman a bumper.

*Moses.* *Success to usury!*

*Care.* Right, Moses—usury is prudence and industry, and deserves to succeed.

*Sir O.* Then—*here's all the success it deserves!*

*Care.* [*Rising, and coming forward.*] No, no, that won't do! Mr. Premium; you have demurred at the toast, and must drink it in a pint bumper.

*Sir H.* A pint bumper, at least.

*Moses.* O pray, sir, consider—Mr. Premium's a gentleman.

*Care.* And therefore loves good wine.

*Sir H.* Give Moses a quart glass—this is mutiny, and a high contempt for the chair.

*Charles S.* No, hang it, you shan't! Mr. Premium's a stranger.

*Care.* Plague on 'em, then, if they won't drink! Come, Harry, the dice are in the next room. Charles, you'll join us when you have finished your business with the gentlemen?

*Charles S.* I will! I will! [*Exeunt all the gentlemen through arch.*] Careless?

*Care.* [*Returning.*] Well!

*Charles S.* Perhaps I may want you.

Sir H. coming forward.

Careless taking Sir Harry's arm and going up C.

*Care.* O, you know I am always ready: word, or bond, 'tis all the same to me. [*Exit.*

*Moses.* Sir, this is Mr. Premium, a gentleman of the strictest honour and secrecy; and always performs what he undertakes. Mr. Premium, this is—

*Charles S.* [*Putting Moses across to L.*] Pshaw! have done.—Sir, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression: he'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow, who want money to borrow—you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who has got money to lend.—I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without farther ceremony.

*Sir O.* Exceeding frank, upon my word.—I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

*Charles S.* Oh no, sir; plain dealing in business I always think best.

*Sir O.* Sir, I like you the better for it—however, you are mistaken in one thing; I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend; but then he's an unconscionable dog; isn't he, Moses? And must sell stock to accommodate you—mustn't he, Moses?

*Moses.* Yes, indeed! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie!

*Charles S.* Right. People that speak truth generally do: but these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for't!

*Sir O.* Well—but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

*Charles S.* Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window!

*Sir O.* Nor any stock, I presume?

*Charles S.* Nothing but live stock—and that's only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connexions?

*Sir O.* Why, to say truth, I am.

*Charles S.* Then you must know that I have a dev'lish rich uncle in the East Indies, Sir Oliver Surface, from whom I have the greatest expectations.

*Sir O.* That you have a rich uncle I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out, is more, I believe, than you can tell.

*Charles S.* O no, there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a



prodigious favourite, and that he talks of leaving me every thing.

*Sir O.* Indeed! this is the first I've heard of it.

*Charles S.* Yes, yes, 'tis just so—Moses knows 'tis true; don't you, Moses?

*Sir O.* Egad, they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal.

*Charles S.* [*Rises.*] Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if it's agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life: though at the same time, the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word, I should be sorry to hear any thing had happened to him. [*Aside.*]

*Sir O.* Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me—for I might live to a hundred, and never see the principal.

*Charles S.* O, yes, you would—the moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

*Sir O.* Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

*Charles S.* What! I suppose you're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?

*Sir O.* No, indeed, I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

*Charles S.* There again, now, you are misinformed. No no, the climate has hurt him considerably, poor uncle Oliver! Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I'm told—and is so much altered lately, that his nearest relations would not know him!

*Sir O.* No! Ha! ha! ha! so much altered lately, that his nearest relations would not know him! ha! ha! ha! egad—Ha! ha! ha!

*Charles S.* Ha! ha!—you're glad to hear that, little Premium?

*Sir O.* No, no, I'm not.

*Charles S.* Yes, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha!—You know that mends your chance.

*Sir O.* But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming over?—nay, some say he is actually arrived?

*Charles S.* Pshaw? Sure I must know better than you whether he's come or not. No, no; rely on't, he's at this moment at Calcutta—isn't he, Moses?

*Moses.* O yes, certainly.

*Sir O.* Very true, as you say, you must know better than I, though I have it from pretty good authority—hav'n't I, Moses?

*Moses.* (L.) Yes, most undoubted!

*Sir O. (R.)* But, sir, as I understand, you want a few hundreds immediately—is there nothing you could dispose of?

*Charles S. (c.)* How do you mean?

*Sir O.* For instance, now, I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate?

*Charles S.* O Lud!—that's gone long ago.—Moses can tell you how better than I can.

*Sir O.* Good lack! all the family race cups and corporation bowls. [*Aside.*]—Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and complete.

*Charles S.* Yes, yes, so it was—vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself. [*Crosses, R.*]

*Sir O. (c.)* Mercy upon me! Learning that had run in the family like an heir-loom! [*Aside.*] Pray, what are become of the books?

*Charles S. (R.)* You must inquire of the auctioneer, master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

*Moses.* I know nothing of books.

*Sir O.* So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

*Charles S.* Not much indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above, and if you have a taste for old paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain.

*Sir O.* Hey! what the devil? Sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

*Charles S.* Every man of them, to the best bidder.

*Sir O.* What! your great uncles and aunts?

*Charles S.* Ay, and my great grandfathers and grandmothers too.

*Sir O.* Now I give him up. [*Aside.*] What the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Odd's life, do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

*Charles S.* Nay, my little broker, don't be angry; what need you care if you have your money's worth?

*Sir O.* Well, I'll be the purchaser: I think I can dispose of the family canvas. Oh, I'll never forgive him this! never! [*Aside.*]

*Enter CARELESS from arch.*

*Care.* Come, Charles, what keeps you?

*Charles S.* I can't come yet: i'faith, we are going to have a sale above stairs: here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors.

*Care.* O, burn your ancestors!

*Charles S.* No, he may do that afterwards, if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer.

*Care.* Oh, have with you, if that's the case. I can handle a hammer as well as a dice-box! Going! going!

*Sir O.* Oh, the profligates! [Aside.

*Charles S.* Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

*Sir O.* O yes, I do vastly. Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction—ha! ha!—O the prodigal! [Aside.

*Charles S.* To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance if he can't make free with his own relations?

*Sir O.* I'll never forgive him: never! never!

*Charles S.* (R) Look around you, gentlemen; look about you—here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the conquest.

*Sir O.* (R. c.) And in my opinion, a goodly collection.

*Charles S.* Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting;—no *volontier grace* or expression. No! like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original, and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

*Sir O.* Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

*Charles S.* I hope not.—Well, you see, master Premium, what a domestic character I am: here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family.—But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose. [Brings chair forward, c.

*Care.* Ay, ay, this will do.—But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

*Charles S.* Egad, that's true. [Taking pedigree down from R.] What parchment have we here?—O, our genealogy in full. Here, Careless,—you shall have no common bit of mahogany; here's the family tree for you, you rogue,—this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

*Sir O.* (L.) What an unnatural rogue!—an *ex post facto* parricide! [Aside.

*Care.* Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation indeed; faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have

found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain.—Come, begin—A-going, a-going, a-going!

*Charles S.* Bravo, Careless!—Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet.—What say you, Mr. Premium?—look at him—there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipt captains are, but enveloped in wigs and regimentals, as a general should be.—What do you bid?

*Sir O.* [*Aside to Moses.*] Bid him speak.

*Moses.* Mr. Premium would have *you* speak.

*Charles S.* Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff officer.

*Sir O.* Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! [*Aside.*]—Very well, sir, I take him at that.

*Charles S.* Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah, done by Kneller in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness.—There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock.—You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

*Sir O.* Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! [*Aside.*]—Five pounds ten—she's mine.

*Charles S.* Knock down my aunt Deborah, Careless!—This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit.—What do you rate him at, Moses?

*Moses.* Four guineas.

*Charles S.* Four guineas!—Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig.—Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woosack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

*Sir O.* By all means.

*Care.* Gone!

*Charles S.* And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

*Sir O.* That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

*Care.* Well said, little Premium!—I'll knock them down at forty.

*Charles S.* Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

*Sir O.* No, no: six will do for the mayor.

*Charles S.* Come, make it guineas, and I throw the two aldermen there into the bargain.

*Sir O.* They're mine.

*Charles S.* Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen.—But, plague on't, we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds, and take all that remains on each side in a lump.

*Care.* Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

*Sir O.* Well, well, any thing to accommodate you;—they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

*Cire.* [*Having put the chair away, comes forward, L.*] What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

*Sir O.* Yes, yes, I mean that, though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow by any means.

*Charles S.* What, that?—Oh! that's my uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India.

*Care.* Your uncle Oliver?—Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

[*Slapping him on the shoulder.*]

*Sir O.* Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive;—but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

*Charles S.* No, hang it; I'll never part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

*Sir O.* (*L.*) The rogue's my nephew after all! [*Aside.*—]—But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

*Charles S.* (*R.*) I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it.—Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

*Sir O.* I forgive him everything! [*Aside.*—]—But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

*Charles S.* Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

*Sir O.* How like his father the dog is! [*Aside.*—]—Well, well, I have done.—I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a resemblance—[*Aside.*—]—Here is a draft for your sum.

[*Taking it out of his pocket book.*]

*Charles S.* Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds.

*Sir O.* You will not let Sir Oliver go?

*Charles S.* Zounds! no!—I tell you once more.

*Sir O.* Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that

another time—but give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg your pardon, sir, for being so free.—Come, Moses.

*Charles S. (L.)* Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow! But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

*Sir O. (L.)* Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

*Charles S.* But hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

*Sir O.* I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

*Charles S.* Ay, all but the little nabob.

*Sir O.* You're fixed on that?

*Charles S.* Peremptorily.

*Sir O.* A dear extravagant rogue! [*Aside.*]—Good-day!—Come, Moses.—Let me hear now who dares call him profigate!

[*Exeunt Sir Oliver Surface and Moses.*]

*Care.* Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with.

*Charles S.* Egad, he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how the devil Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow.—But hark! here's Rowley; do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

*Care. (R.)* I will—don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

*Charles S. (L.)* Very true, and paying them is only encouraging them. Ay, ay, never fear. [*Exit Careless.*]—So! this was an odd fellow indeed.—Let me see—two-thirds of this, five hundred and thirty odd pounds, are mine by right. 'Fore Heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for!—Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.—

*Enter ROWLEY, R.*

Hah! old Rowley! egad, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

*Row. (L.)* Yes, I heard they were a going. But I wonder you can have such spirits under so many distresses.

*Charles S.* Why, there's the point! my distresses are so many, that I can't afford to part with my spirits; but I shall be rich and splenetic, all in good time. However, I suppose you are surprised that I am not sorrowful at parting with so many near relations; to be sure, 'tis very affecting: but you see they never move a muscle, so why should I?

*Row.* There's no making you serious a moment.

Knock at street-door off stage.

*Charles S.* Yes, faith, I am so now. Here, my honest Rowley, here, get me this changed directly, and take a hundred pounds of it immediately to old Stanley.

*Row.* A hundred pounds! Consider only—

*Charles S.* Gad's life, don't talk about it; poor Stanley's wants are pressing, and if you don't make haste, we shall have some one call that has a better right to the money.

*Row.* Ah! there's the point! I will never cease dunning you with the old proverb—

*Charles S.* 'Be just before you're generous.'—Why, so I would if I could; but Justice is an old hobbling beldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity, for the soul of me.

*Row.* Yet, Charles, believe me, one hour's reflection—

*Charles S.* Ay, ay, it's very true; but hark'ee, Rowley, while I have, by heaven I'll give; so damn your economy, and away to old Stanley with the money.

[*Exeunt Charles. Rowley going, meets MOSES, R., and SIR OLIVER SURFACE, who enter.*]

*Sir O.* O, here's Rowley.

*Row.* (L.) So, Sir Oliver, I find you have made a purchase—

*Sir O.* (c.) Yes, yes, our young rake has parted with his ancestors like old tapestry.

*Row.* And here has he commissioned me to re-deliver you part of the purchase money—I mean, though, in your necessitous character of old Stanley.

*Moses.* (R.) Ah! there's the pity of all; he is so damned charitable.

*Row.* And I left a hosier and two tailors in the hall, who, I'm sure, won't be paid, and this hundred would satisfy them.

*Sir O.* Well, well, I'll pay his debts, and his benevolence too.—But now I am no more a broker, and you shall introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

*Row.* Not yet awhile; Sir Peter, I know, meant to call there about this time.

*Enter TRIP from dining-room.*

*Trip.* O, gentlemen, I beg pardon for not showing you out; this way—[*Crosses, R.*—*Moses, a word.*]

[*Exeunt Trip and Moses, R.*]

*Sir O.* (L.) There's a fellow for you—would you believe it, that puppy intercepted the Jew on our coming, and wanted to raise money before he got to his master.

*Row.* (R.) Indeed!

*Sir O.* Yes, they are now planning an annuity business. Ah! master Rowley, in my days servants were content with the fol-

lies of their masters, when they were worn a little thread-bare ; but now, they have their vices, like their birth-day clothes, with the gloss on.

[L.]

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

SCENE : JOSEPH SURFACE'S library. *Servant discovered at five.*  
*Enter Joseph. Goes to table ; looks over some letters.*

*Jos.* No letter from Lady Teazle ?

*Serv.* No, sir.

*Jos.* I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. [*Knocking.*]

*Serv.* Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

*Jos.* Hold. See whether 'tis or not. I have a particular message for you if 'tis my brother. [*Exit Serv.*] Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet I hope I may not lose the heiress through the scrape I've drawn myself into with the wife. However, Charles's imprudence and bad character are great points in my favour.

*Enter SERV., L.*

*Serv.* Mr. Stanley, sir.

*Jos.* Don't admit him.

*Serv.* Sir, I should not have let him in, but that Mr. Rowley came to the door with him.

*Joseph S.* Pshaw ! blockhead ! to suppose that I should now be in a temper to receive visits from poor relations !—Well, why don't you show the fellow up ? [*Exit Servant, L.*]—Sure Fortune never played a man of my policy such a trick before. My character with Sir Peter, my hopes with Maria destroyed in a moment ! I'm in a rare humour to listen to other people's distresses ? I shan't be able to bestow even a benevolent sentiment on old Stanley. I must try to put a little charity into my face, however.

*Enter SIR OLIVER.*

*Sir O.* I don't like the complaisance of his features.

*Joseph S.* Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons for keeping you a moment waiting—Mr. Stanley, I presume.

*Sir O. (L.)* At your service.

*Joseph.* Sir, I beg you will do me the honour to sit down—I entreat you, sir !

*Sir O.* Dear sir—there's no occasion—too civil by half !

[*Aside. Sitting, R.*]



*Joseph.* I have not the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Stanley, but I am extremely happy to see you look so well. You were nearly related to my mother, Mr. Stanley, I think?

*Sir O.* I was, sir;—so nearly that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her wealthy children, else I should not have presumed to trouble you.

*Joseph.* Dear sir, there needs no apology:—he that is in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy. I am sure I wish I was one of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief.

*Sir O.* If your uncle, Sir Oliver, were here, I should have a friend.

*Joseph.* I wish he was, sir, with all my heart: you should not want an advocate with him, believe me, sir.

*Sir O.* I should not need one—my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his bounty would enable you to become the agent of his charity.

*Joseph.* My dear sir, you were strangely misinformed. Sir Oliver is a worthy man, a very worthy man; but avarice, Mr. Stanley, is the vice of age. I will tell you, my good sir, in confidence, what he has done for me has been a mere nothing, though people, I know, have thought otherwise; and for my part, I never chose to contradict the report.

*Sir O.* What! has he never transmitted you bullion—rupees—pagodas?

*Joseph.* O dear sir, nothing of the kind:—No, no—a few presents now and then—china, shawls, congou tea, avadavats, and Indian crackers—little more, believe me.

*Sir O.* Here's gratitude for twelve thousand pounds!—Avadavats and Indian crackers. [*Aside.*

*Joseph.* (R.) Then, my dear sir, you have heard, I doubt not, of the extravagance of my brother: there are few would credit what I have done for that unfortunate young man.

*Sir O.* (L.) Not I, for one! [*Aside.*

*Joseph.* The sums that I have lent him!—Indeed, I have been exceedingly to blame; it was an amiable weakness: however, I don't pretend to defend it—and now I feel it doubly culpable, since it has deprived me of the pleasure of serving you, Mr. Stanley, as my heart dictates. [*Rises, puts chair back.*

*Sir O.* Dissembler! [*Aside.*]—Then, sir, you can't assist me!

*Joseph.* At present, it grieves me to say, I cannot; but whenever I have the ability, you may depend upon hearing from me.

*Sir O.* I am extremely sorry—

*Joseph.* Not more than I, believe me;—to pity without the power to relieve, is still more painful than to ask and be denied.

*Sir O.* Kind sir, your most obedient humble servant. x. l.

*Joseph.* You leave me deeply affected, Mr. Stanley. William, be ready to open the door.

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

*Sir O.* O, dear sir, no ceremony.

*Joseph.* Your very obedient.

*Sir O.* Sir, your most obsequious.

*Joseph.* You may depend upon hearing from me, whenever I can be of service.

*Sir O.* Sweet sir, you are too good!

*Joseph.* In the mean time, I wish you health and spirits.

*Sir O.* Your ever grateful and perpetual humble servant.

*Joseph.* Sir, yours as sincerely.

*Sir O.* Now I am satisfied. [*Aside.*] Charles, you are my heir.

[*Exit, L.*

*Joseph.* This is one bad effect of a good character; it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address to gain the reputation of benevolence without incurring the expense. [*Knocking.*

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

*Serv.* 'Tis her lady-ship, sir; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

*Joseph S.* Stay, stay; draw that screen before the window—[*Servant does so*—that will do;—my opposite neighbour is a lady of a curious temper.—[*Servant exit.*—I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into the secret,—at least, till I have her more in my power.

*Enter LADY TEAZLE, L.*

*Lady T.* What, sentiment in soliloquy now? Have you been very impatient?—O Lud! don't pretend to look grave.—I vow I couldn't come before. [*Crosses, R.*

*Joseph S. (L.)* O, madam, punctuality is a species of constancy, very unfashionable in a lady of quality.

[*Places chairs, and sits after Lady Teazle is seated.*

*Lady T. (R.)* Upon my word, you ought to pity me. Do you know Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too—that's the best of the story, isn't it?

*Joseph S.* I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. [*Aside.*

*Lady T.* I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced; don't you, Mr. Surface?

*Joseph S.* Indeed I do not. [*Aside.*—Oh, certainly I do! for then my dear Lady Teazle would be also convinced how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

*Lady T.* Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it

provoking, to have the most ill-natured things said of one!—And there's my friend, Lady Sneerwell, has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too—that's what vexes me.

*Joseph S.* Ay, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance—without foundation; yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for when a scandalous tale is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

*Lady T.* No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of any body—that is, of any friend; and then Sir Peter too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart—indeed, 'tis monstrous!

*Joseph S.* But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honour of her sex to endeavour to outwit him.

*Lady T.* Indeed!—so that if he suspects me without cause, it follows, that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't.

*Joseph S.* Undoubtedly—for your husband should never be deceived in you,—and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

*Lady T.* To be sure, what you say is very reasonable; and when the consciousness of my innocence—

*Joseph S.* Ah! my dear madam, there is the great mistake: 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion?—why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences?—why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous at his suspicions?—why, the consciousness of your innocence.

*Lady T.* 'Tis very true!

*Joseph S.* Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humour and agree with your husband.

*Lady T.* Do you think so?

*Joseph S.* Oh! I am sure on't, and then you would find all scandal would cease at once; for, in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

*Lady T.* So, so; then I perceive your prescription is that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation.

*Joseph S.* Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

*Lady T.* Well, certainly, this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny!

*Joseph S.* An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

*Lady T.* Why, if my understanding were once convinced—

*Joseph S.* Oh, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced.—Yes, yes—heaven forbid I should persuade you to do any thing you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honour to desire it.

*Lady T.* Don't you think we may as well leave *honour* out of the argument?

*Joseph S.* Ah! the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you. [Rises, x. L.]

*Lady T.* I doubt they do indeed; and I will fairly own to you, that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill usage, sooner than your *honourable logic*, after all. [Rises.]

*Joseph S.* Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of—  
[Taking her hand.]

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

'Sdeath, you blockhead—what do you want?

*Serv.* I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

*Joseph S.* Sir Peter!—Oons—the devil!

*Lady T.* Sir Peter! O Lud—I'm ruined—I'm ruined!

*Serv.* Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

*Lady T.* Oh! I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic—Oh! mercy, sir, he's on the stairs—I'll get behind here—and if ever I'm so imprudent again—  
[Goes behind screen.]

*Joseph S.* Give me that book.

[Sits down, R. C. Servant pretends to adjust his chair.]

*Enter SIR PETER, L.*

*Sir P.* Ay, ever improving himself—Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface—  
[Taps Joseph on the shoulder.]

*Joseph S.* Oh! my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon—[Gaping—throws away the book.]—I have been dozing over a stupid book—Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room.—Books, you know, are the only things I am a coxcomb in.

*Sir P.* 'Tis very neat indeed.—Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge—hung, I perceive, with maps? [Walking up towards screen.]

*Joseph S.* O, yes, I find great use in that screen.

[Turning *Sir Peter* from the screen, &c.]

*Sir P.* I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find any thing in a hurry.

*Joseph S.* Ay, or to hide any thing in a hurry either. [Aside.]

*Sir P.* Well, I have a little private business—

*Joseph S.* You need not stay. [To the Servant who places chairs. *Exit Servant*, L.] Here's a chair, *Sir Peter*—I beg—

*Sir P.* [Sits, L.] Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburthen my mind to you—a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my good friend, *Lady Teazle's* conduct of late has made me very unhappy.

*Joseph S.* [Seated, &c.] Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

*Sir P.* Yes, 'tis but too plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

*Joseph S.* Indeed! you astonish me!

*Sir P.* Yes; and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

*Joseph S.* How! you alarm me exceedingly.

*Sir P.* Ay, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathise with me!

*Joseph S.* Yes—believe me, *Sir Peter*, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

*Sir P.* I am convinced of it.—Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?

*Joseph S.* I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be *Sir Benjamin Backbite*?

*Sir P.* Oh, no! What say you to *Charles*?

*Joseph S.* My brother! impossible!

*Sir P.* Oh! my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

*Joseph S.* Certainly, *Sir Peter*, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

*Sir P.* True—but your brother has no sentiment—you never hear him talk so.

*Joseph S.* Yet, I can't but think *Lady Teazle* herself has too much principle.

*Sir P.* Ay,—but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow.

*Joseph S.* That's very true.

*Sir P.* And then, you know, the difference of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any very great affection for me; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why, the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

*Joseph S.* That's true, to be sure—they would laugh.

*Sir P.* Laugh—ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what, of me.

*Joseph S.* No—you must never make it public.

*Sir P.* But then—that the nephew of my old friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.

*Joseph S.* Ay, there's the point.—When ingratitude bars the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

*Sir P.* Ay—I, that was, in a manner, left his guardian; in whose house he has been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him—any advice.

*Joseph S.* O, 'tis not to be credited. There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine—I disclaim kindred with him: for the man who can break through the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, serves to be branded as the pest of society.

*Sir P.* What a difference there is between you! what noble sentiments!

*Joseph S.* Yet I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honour.

*Sir P.* I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her; and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I was dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress in that respect, for the future; and if I were to die she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on.—By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune after my death.

*Joseph S.* This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous.

I wish it may not corrupt my pupil.

[*Aside.*]

*Sir P.* Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

*Joseph S.* Nor I, if I could help it.

[*Aside.*]

*Sir P. rises and moves about angrily.*

*Sir P. sits down again.*

*Sir P.* And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your hopes with Maria.

*Joseph S.* [*Softly.*]—O, no, Sir Peter; another time, if you please.

*Sir P.* I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

*Joseph S.* I beg you will not mention it sir. What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate! [*Softly.*]—'Sdeath! I shall be ruined every way.

*Sir P.* And though you are so averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

*Joseph S.* Pray, Sir Peter, now, oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of, to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is entrusted with his friend's disrespects can never—

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

Well, sir?

*Serv.* Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

*Joseph S.* [*Rises.*] 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within—I'm out for the day.

*Sir P.* [*Rises.*] Stay—hold—a thought has struck me—you shall be at home.

*Joseph S.* [*Crossing to Servant.*] Well, well, let him up. [*Exit Servant, L.*] He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however. [*Aside.*

*Sir P.* (R.) Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat you.—Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere—then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

*Joseph S.* O fie, Sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick?—To trepan my brother, too?

*Sir P.* Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity to clear himself, and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me: [*Going up*] here, behind this screen will be—Hey! what the devil! there seems to be one listener here already—I'll swear I saw a petticoat.

*Joseph S.* Ha! ha! ha! Well, this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet, you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either! Hark'ee, 'tis a little French milliner—a silly rogue that plagues me,—and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

As Sir P. goes to screen Joseph steps between him and screen, laughing nervously.

*Sir P.* Ah! Joseph! Joseph! Did I ever think that you—  
But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

*Joseph S.* O, 'twill never go farther, you may depend upon it.

*Sir P.* No! then, faith, let her hear it out—Here's a closet  
will do as well.

*Joseph S.* Well, go in there.

*Sir P.* Sly rogue! sly rogue! [*Going into the closet, R.*]

*Joseph S.* A narrow escape, indeed! and a curious situation  
I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

Joseph drops into  
chair much relieved.

*Lady T.* [*Peeping.*]—Couldn't I steal off?

*Joseph S.* Keep close, my angel!

*Sir P.* [*Peeping out, R.*]—Joseph, tax him home.

*Joseph S.* Back, my dear friend!

*Lady T.* Couldn't you lock Sir Peter in?

*Joseph S.* Be still, my life!

*Sir P.* [*Peeping.*]—You're sure the little milliner won't blab?

*Joseph S.* In, in, my dear Sir Peter—'Fore gad, I wish I had  
a key to the door.

Joseph rises and  
goes to door of closet  
to close it.

*Enter CHARLES SURFACE, L.*

*Charles S.* Holla! brother, what has been the matter? Your  
fellow would not let me up at first. What! have you had a  
Jew or a girl with you?

*Joseph S.* (R.) Neither, brother, I assure you.

*Charles S.* (L.) But what has made Sir Peter steal off? I  
thought he had been with you.

*Joseph S.* He *was*, brother; but hearing you were coming, he  
did not choose to stay.

*Charles S.* What? was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to  
borrow money of him?

*Joseph S.* No, sir; but I am sorry to find, Charles, that you  
have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasi-  
ness.

*Charles S.* Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy  
men.—But how so, pray?

*Joseph S.* To be plain with you, brother—he thinks you are  
endeavouring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him!

*Charles S.* Who, I? O Lud! not I, upon my word.—Ha!  
ha! ha! ha! So the old fellow has found out that he has got  
a young wife, has he?

*Joseph S.* This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who  
can laugh—

*Charles S.* True, true, as you were going to say—then, seri-  
ously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with,  
upon my honour.



*Joseph S.* Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this.

*Charles S.* To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement:—besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

*Joseph S.* But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you—

*Charles S.* Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonourable action; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way—and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father—

*Joseph S.* Well—

*Charles S.* Why, I believe I should be obliged to—

*Joseph S.* What?

*Charles S.* To borrow a little of your morality, that's all.—But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly by naming *me* with Lady Teazle; for, 'faith, I always understood you were her favourite.

*Joseph S.* O, for shame, Charles! This retort is foolish.

*Charles S.* Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances—

*Joseph S.* Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

*Charles S.* Egad, I'm serious.—Don't you remember one day when I called here—

*Joseph S.* Nay, prythee, Charles—

*Charles S.* And found you together—

*Joseph S.* Zounds, sir! I insist—

*Charles S.* And another time, when your servant—

*Joseph S.* Brother, brother, a word with you! Gad, I must stop him. [*Aside.*]

*Charles S.* Informed, I say, that—

*Joseph S.* Hush! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter has heard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

*Charles S.* How, Sir Peter! Where is he?

*Joseph S.* Softly; there? [*Poin's to the closet, R.*]

*Charles S.* O, 'fore heaven, I'll have him out. Sir Peter, come forth! [*Trying to get to the closet.*]

*Joseph S.* No, no— [*Preventing him.*]

*Charles S.* I say, Sir Peter, come into court—[*Crosses, R.; pulls in Sir Peter.*]—What! my old guardian!—What! turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog? O, fie! O, fie!

*Sir P.* Give me your hand, Charles—I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph—'twas my plan!

*Charles S.* Indeed!

*Sir P.* But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did: what I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

*Charles S.* Egad, then 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more—wasn't it, Joseph? [*Apart to Joseph.*]

Poking Joseph in the side.

*Sir P.* Ah! you would have retorted on him.

*Charles S.* Ay, ay, that was a joke.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, I know his honour too well.

*Charles S.* But you might as well suspect *him* as *me* in this matter, for all that—mightn't he, Joseph? [*Apart to Joseph.*]

Poking Joseph in the side.

*Sir P.* Well, well, I believe you.

*Joseph S.* Would they were both out of the room! [*Aside.*]

*Sir P.* And in future, perhaps, we may not be such strangers.

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

*Serv.* Lady Sneerwell is below, and says she will come up.

*Joseph S.* Lady Sneerwell! Gad's life! she must not come here! [*Exit Servant, L.*] Gentlemen, I beg pardon—I must wait on you down stairs: here is a person come on particular business.

*Charles S.* Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met for a long time, and I have something to say to him.

*Joseph S.* They must not be left together. [*Aside.*] I'll send Lady Sneerwell away, and return directly.—Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner. [*Apart to Sir Peter, and goes out, L.*]

*Sir P.* [*Crossing to Joseph.*] I! not for the world!—[*Apart to Joseph.*]—Ah! Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment—Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment.

*Charles S.* Pshaw! he is too moral by half—and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that he would as soon let a priest into his house as a girl.

*Sir P.* No, no.—Come, come,—you wrong him.—No, no! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either, in that respect.—I have a great mind to tell him—we should have such a laugh at Joseph. [*Aside.*]

*Charles S.* Oh, hang him! He's a very anchorite, a young hermit.

*Sir P.* Hark'ee—you must not abuse him: he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

*Charles S.* Why, you won't tell him?

*Sir P.* No—but—this way. Egad, I'll tell him.—[*Aside* Hark'ee—have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

*Charles S.* I should like it of all things.

*Sir P.* Then, i'faith, we will—I'll be quit with him for dis-covering me.—He had a girl with him when I called. [*Whispers.*

*Charles S.* What! Joseph?—you jest.

*Sir P.* Hush!—a little French milliner—and the best of the jest is—she's in the room now.

*Charles S.* The devil she is! [*Looking at closet.*

*Sir P.* Hush! I tell you! [*Points to the screen.*

*Charles S.* Behind the screen! 'Slife, let us unveil.

*Sir P.* No, no—he's coming—you shan't, indeed!

*Charles S.* Oh, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner!

[*Enlavouring to get towards screen, Sir P. preventing.*

*Sir P.* Not for the world—Joseph will never forgive me—

*Charles S.* I'll stand by you—

*Sir P.* Odds, here he is! [*Joseph Surface enters, L. just as Charles Surface throws down the screen.*]

*Charles S.* (c.) Lady Teazle! by all that's wonderful

*Sir P.* (R.) Lady Teazle! by all that's damnable!

*Charles S.* Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret.—Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word!—Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb too?—Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute!—Well—though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another—so I'll leave you to yourselves—[*Going.*] Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man grounds for so much uneasiness.—Sir Peter! there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment. [*Exit Charles, L. They stand for some time looking at each other.*]

*Joseph S.* (L.) Sir Peter—notwithstanding—I confess—that appearances are against me—if you will afford me your patience—I make no doubt—but I shall explain every thing to your satisfaction.

*Sir P.* (R.) If you please, sir.

*Joseph S.* The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions to your ward Maria—I say, sir, Lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper—and knowing my friendship to the family—she, sir, I say—called here—in order that—I might explain these pretensions—but on your coming—being apprehensive—as I said—of your jealousy—she withdrew—and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

*Sir P.* A very clear account, upon my word; and I dareswear the lady will vouch for every article of it.

*Lady T.* [*Coming forward, c.*] For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

*Sir P.* How! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie?

*Lady T.* There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

*Sir P.* I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

*Joseph S.* [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me?

*Lady T.* Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

*Sir P.* Ay, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you without prompting.

*Lady T.* Hear me, Sir Peter!—I came hither on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of the gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honour to his baseness.

*Sir P.* Now, I believe, the truth is coming, indeed!

*Joseph S.* The woman's mad!

*Lady T.* No, sir—she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means.—Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me—but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has so penetrated to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. [*Crosses to L.*] As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honourable addresses to his ward—I behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him.

[*Exit Lady Teazle, L.*]

*Joseph S.* Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows—

*Sir P.* [*Crosses, L.*] That you are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.

*Joseph S.* You are too rash, Sir Peter; you shall hear me.—The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to—

*Sir P.* O, damn your sentiments!

[*Exeunt Sir Peter and Surface, talking, L.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE.—*Sir Peter Teazle's House. As in Act 2d.*

*Enter MAID and MRS. CANDOUR, L.*

*Maid.* (R.) Indeed, ma'am, my lady will see nobody at present.

*Mrs. C.* (L.) Did you tell her it was her friend, Mrs. Candour?

*Maid.* Yes, ma'am; but she begs you will excuse her.

*Mrs. C.* Do go again,—I shall be glad to see her, if it be only for a moment, for I am sure she must be in great distress. [*Exit Maid, R.*] Dear heart, how provoking! I'm not mistress of half the circumstances! We shall have the whole affair in the newspapers, with the names of the parties at length, before I have dropped the story at a dozen houses.

*Enter SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, L. D.*

Oh, dear Sir Benjamin, you have heard, I suppose—

*Sir B.* (L.) Of Lady Teazle and Mr. Surface—

*Mrs. C.* (L.) And Sir Peter's discovery—

*Sir B.* O! the strangest piece of business, to be sure!

*Mrs. C.* Well, I never was so surprised in my life. I am sorry for all parties, indeed.

*Sir B.* Now, I don't pity Sir Peter at all: he was so extravagantly partial to Mr. Surface.

*Mrs. C.* Mr. Surface! Why, 'twas with Charles Lady Teazle was detected.

*Sir B.* No such thing, I tell you—Mr. Surface is the gallant.

*Mrs. C.* No, no, Charles is the man. 'Twas Mr. Surface brought Sir Peter on purpose to discover them.

*Sir B.* I tell you I had it from one—

*Mrs. C.* And I have it from one—

*Sir B.* Who had it from one, who had it—

*Mrs. C.* From one immediately—but here comes Lady Sneerwell; perhaps she knows the whole affair. [*Crosses, c.*]

*Enter LADY SNEERWELL, L. D.*

*Lady S.* So, my dear Mrs. Candour, here's a sad affair of our friend Teazle.

*Mrs. C.* (C.) Ay, my dear friend, who would have thought—

*Lady S.* (L.) Well, there is no trusting appearances; though, indeed, she was always too lively for me.

*Mrs. C.* To be sure, her manners were a little too free; but then she was so young!

*Lady S.* And had, indeed, some good qualities.

*Mrs. C.* So she had, indeed. But have you heard the particulars?

*Lady S.* No; but every body says that Mr. Surface—

*Sir B. (R.)* Ay, there; I told you Mr. Surface was the man.

*Mrs. C.* No, no:—indeed the assignation was with Charles.

*Lady S.* With Charles! you alarm me, Mrs. Candour.

*Mrs. C.* Yes, yes, he was the lover. Mr. Surface, to do him justice, was only the informer.

*Sir B.* Well, I'll not dispute with you, Mrs. Candour; but, be it which it may, I hope that Sir Peter's wound will not—

*Mrs. C.* Sir Peter's wound! O, mercy! I didn't hear a word of their fighting.

*Lady S.* Nor I, a syllable.

*Sir B.* No! what, no mention of the duel? [Crosses, c.

*Mrs. C. (R.)* Not a word. All sit.

*Sir B. (c.)* O, yes; they fought before they left the room.

*Lady S. (L.)* Pray, let us hear.

*Mrs. C.* Ay, do oblige us with the duel.

*Sir B.* "Sir," says Sir Peter, immediately after the discovery, "you are a most ungrateful fellow."

*Mrs. C.* Ay, to Charles—

*Sir B.* No, no, no—to Mr. Surface—"a most ungrateful fellow; and old as I am, sir," says he, "I insist on immediate satisfaction."

*Mrs. C.* Ay, that must have been to Charles; for 'tis very unlikely Mr. Surface should fight in his own house.

*Sir B.* Gad's life, ma'am, not at all—"Giving me immediate satisfaction." On this, ma'am, Lady Teazle, seeing Sir Peter in such danger, ran out of the room in strong hysterics, and Charles after her, calling out for hartshorn and water; then, madam, they began to fight with swords—

• Enter CRABTREE, L.; crosses L. C.

*Crab.* With pistols, nephew—pistols; I have it from undoubted authority.

*Mrs. C.* [Crosses to Crabtree.] O, Mr. Crabtree, then it is all true?

*Crab. (L. c.)* Too true, indeed, madam, and Sir Peter is dangerously wounded—

*Sir B. (R.)* By a thrust in seagoon quite through his left side—

*Crab.* By a bullet lodged in the thorax.

*Mrs. C.* Mercy on me! Poor Sir Peter!

*Crab.* Yes, madam; though Charles would have avoided the matter, if he could.

*Mrs. C.* I told you who it was; I knew Charles was the person.

*Sir B.* My uncle, I see, knows nothing of the matter.

*Crab.* But Sir Peter taxed him with the basest ingratitude.

*Sir B.* That I told you, you know—

*Crab.* Do, nephew, let me speak!—and insisted on immediate—

*Sir B.* Satisfaction! Just as I said—

*Crab.* Odds life, nephew, allow others to know something too! A pair of pistols lay on the bureau, (for Mr. Surface, it seems, had come home the night before late from Salthill, where he had been to see the Montem with a friend, who has a son at Eton,) so, unluckily, the pistols were left charged.

*Sir B.* I heard nothing of this.

*Crab.* Sir Peter forced Charles to take one; and they fired, it seems, pretty nearly together. Charles's shot took effect, as I tell you, and Sir Peter's missed; but, what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze Shakespeare that stood over the fire-place, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a doub'e letter from Northamptonshire.

*Sir B.* My uncle's account is more circumstantial, I confess; but I believe mine is the only true one, for all that.

*Lady S.* I am more interested in this affair than they imagine, and must have better information. [*Aside.*

*Sir B.* Ah! Lady Sneerwell's alarm is very easily accounted for. [*Exit Lady Sneerwell, L. D.*

*Crab.* Yes, yes, they certainly do say--but that's neither here nor there.

*Mrs. C.* But, pray, where is Sir Peter at present?

*Crab.* Oh! they brought him home, and he is now in the house, though the servants are ordered to deny him.

*Mrs. C.* I believe so, and Lady Teazle, I suppose, attending him.

*Crab.* Yes, yes; and I saw one of the faculty enter just before me.

*Sir B.* Hey! who comes here?

*Crab.* O, this is he: the physician, depend on't.

*Mrs. C.* O, certainly: it must be the physician; and now we shall know.

*Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE, L. D.*

*Crab.* (R. C.) Well, doctor, what hopes?

"That I told you, you knew," is said to Mrs. C.

Sir B. crosses to Crabtree.

*Mrs. C.* (R.) Ay, doctor, how's your patient?

*Sir B.* Now, doctor, isn't it a wound with a small sword?

[*Coming down on Sir Oliver's L.*

*Crab.* A bullet lodged in the thorax, for a hundred.

*Sir O.* Doctor! a wound with a small sword! and a bullet in

the thorax! Oons! are you mad, good people?

*Sir B.* (L.) Perhaps, sir, you are not a doctor?

*Sir O.* Truly, I am to thank you for my degree if I am.

*Crab.* Only a friend of Sir Peter's, then, I presume.—But, sir, you must have heard of his accident?

*Sir O.* Not a word!

*Crab.* Not of his being dangerously wounded?

*Sir O.* The devil he is!

*Sir B.* Run through the body—

*Crab.* Shot in the breast—

*Sir B.* By one Mr. Surface—

*Crab.* Ay, the younger.

*Sir O.* Hey! what the plague! you seem to differ strangely in your accounts: however, you agree that Sir Peter is dangerously wounded.

*Sir B.* O, yes, we agree in that. [Crosses behind to R.

*Crab.* Yes, yes, I believe there can be no doubt of that.

*Sir O.* Then, upon my word, for a person in that situation, he is the most imprudent man alive; for here he comes walking as if nothing at all was the matter.

*Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE, L*

Odd's heart, Sir Peter, you are come in good time, I promise you; for we had just given you over.

*Sir B.* (R.) Egad, uncle, this is the most sudden recovery!

*Sir O.* (L. c.) Why, man, what do you out of bed with a small sword through your body, and a bullet lodged in your thorax?

*Sir P.* (L.) A small sword and a bullet?

*Sir O.* Ay, these gentlemen would have killed you without law or physic, and wanted to dub me doctor, to make me an accomplice.

*Sir P.* Why, what is all this?

*Sir B.* We rejoice, Sir Peter, that the story of the duel is not true, and are sincerely sorry for your other misfortune.

[*Goes up a little.*

*Sir P.* So, so; all over the town already. [*Aside.*

*Crab.* Though, Sir Peter, you were certainly vastly to blame to marry at your years. [*Retires a little up.*

*Sir P.* (R. c.) Sir, what business is that of yours?



*Mrs. C.* (R.) Though, indeed, as Sir Peter made so good a husband, he's very much to be pitied.

*Sir P.* Plague on your pity, ma'am! I desire none of it.

[*Mrs. Crabtree crosses. L.*

*Sir B.* [*Advances on his L.*] However, Sir Peter, you must not mind the laughing and jests you will meet with on the occasion.

*Sir P.* Sir, sir, I desire to be master in my own house.

*Crab.* 'Tis no uncommon case, that's one comfort.

*Sir P.* I insist on being left to myself: without ceremony.—insist on your leaving my house directly.

*Mrs. C.* Well, well, we are going and depend on't we'll make the best report of it we can.

*Sir P.* Leave my house!

*Crab.* And tell how hardly you've been treated—

*Sir P.* Leave my house!

*Sir B.* And how patiently you bear it.

[*Exeunt Mrs Candour, Sir Benjamin, and Crabtree, L.*

*Sir P.* Leave my house!—Fiends! vipers! furies! Oh! that their own venom would choke them!

[*Crosses, L.*

*Sir O.* They are very provoking, indeed, Sir Peter.

*Enter ROWLEY, R. R. C.*

*Row.* I heard high words: what has ruffled you, sir?

*Sir P.* (c.) Pshaw! what signifies asking? Do I ever pass a day without vexations?

*Row.* Well, I'm not inquisitive.

*Sir O.* (L.) Well, I am not inquisitive; I come only to tell you that I have seen both my nephews in the manner we proposed.

*Sir P.* A precious couple they are!

*Row.* Yes, and Sir Oliver is convinced that your judgment was right, Sir Peter.

*Sir O.* Yes, I find Joseph is indeed the man, after all.

*Row.* Ay, as Sir Peter says, he is a man of sentiment.

*Sir O.* And acts up to the sentiments he professes.

*Row.* It certainly is edification to hear him talk.

*Sir O.* Oh, he's a model for the young men of the age!—But how's this, Sir Peter? You don't join us in your friend Joseph's praise, as I expected.

*Sir P.* (c.) Sir Oliver, we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better.

*Row* (L.) What! do you say so, Sir Peter, who were never mistaken in your life?

*Sir P.* (c.) Pshaw! Plague on you both! I see by your sneering you have heard the whole affair. I shall go mad among you!

*Row.* Then, to fret you no longer, Sir Peter, we are indeed

acquainted with it all. I met Lady Teazle coming from Mr. Surface's, so humble, that she deigned to request me to be her advocate with you.

*Sir P.* And does Sir Oliver know all this?

*Sir O.* Every circumstance.

*Sir P.* What, of the closet and the screen, hey?

*Sir O.* Yes, yes, and the little French milliner. O, I have been vastly diverted with the story! Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir P.* 'Twas very pleasant.

*Sir O.* I never laughed more in my life, I assure you. Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir P.* O, vastly diverting! Ha! ha! ha!

*Row.* To be sure, Joseph with his sentiments. Ha! ha!

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, his sentiments! Ha! ha! ha! Hypocritical villain!

*Sir O.* Ay, and that rogue Charles, to pull Sir Peter out of the closet! Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir P.* Ha! ha! 'Twas devilish entertaining, to be sure.

*Sir O.* Ha! ha! ha! Egad, Sir Peter, I should like to have seen your face when the screen was thrown down! Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, my face when the screen was thrown down! Ha! ha! ha! 'Oh, I must never show my head again!

*Sir O.* But come, come; it isn't fair to laugh at you, neither, my old friend; though, upon my soul, I can't help it.

*Sir P.* O, pray don't restrain your mirth on my account: it does not hurt me at all! I laugh at the whole affair myself. Yes, yes, I think being a standing joke for all one's acquaintance, a very happy situation. O, yes, and then, of a morning, to read the paragraph about Mr. S——, Lady T——, and Sir P——, will be so entertaining! I shall certainly leave town to-morrow, and never look mankind in the face again. [Crosses, R.]

*Row.* (c.) Without affectation, Sir Peter, you may despise the ridicule of fools: but I see Lady Teazle going towards the next room; I am sure you must desire a reconciliation as earnestly as she does.

*Sir O.* Perhaps my being here prevents her coming to you. [Going.] Well, I'll leave honest Rowley to mediate between you. [Exit, L.]

*Sir P.* She is not coming here, you see, Rowley.

*Row.* No, but she has left the door of that room open, you perceive. See, she is in tears.

*Sir P.* Certainly, a little mortification appears very becoming in a wife. Don't you think it will do her good to let her pine a little?

*Row.* Oh, this is ungenerous in you!

Looking off R.

*Sir P.* Well, I know not what to think. You remember the letter I found of hers, evidently intended for Charles ?

*Row.* A mere forgery, Sir Peter, laid in your way on purpose. This is one of the points which I intend Snake shall give you conviction of.

*Sir P.* I wish I were once satisfied of that. She looks this way. What a remarkably elegant turn of the head she has! Rowley, I'll go to her.

*Row.* Certainly.

*Sir P.* Though, when it is known that we are reconciled, people will laugh at me ten times more.

*Row.* Let them laugh, and retort their malice only by showing them you are happy in spite of it.

*Sir P.* I'faith, so I will! and, if I'm not mistaken, we may yet be the happiest couple in the county.

*Row.* Nay, Sir Peter, he who once lays aside suspicion—

*Sir P.* Hold, master Rowley! If you have any regard for me, never let me hear you utter any thing like a sentiment: I have had enough of them to serve me the rest of my life.

[*Exeunt*, R.]

Sir P. raises cane threateningly.

*Enter* LADY SNEERWELL and JOSEPH SURFACE, L.

*Lady S.* Explain to Sir Peter! Impossible! Will he not immediately be reconciled to Charles, and of consequence no longer oppose his union with Maria? The thought is distraction to me.

*Joseph.* Can passion furnish a remedy?

[*Sits*, R.]

[*Sits*, L.]

*Lady S.* No, nor cunning either. O, I was a fool, an idiot, to league with such a blunderer!

*Joseph.* Sure, Lady Sneerwell, I am the greatest sufferer; yet you see I bear the accident with calmness. Well, I admit I have been to blame. I confess I deviated from the direct road to wrong, but I don't think we're so totally defeated neither.

*Lady S.* No!

*Joseph.* You tell me you have made a trial of Snake since we met, and that you still believe him faithful to us?

*Lady S.* I do believe so.

*Joseph.* And that he has undertaken, should it be necessary, to swear and prove, that Charles is at this time contracted by vows of honour to your ladyship, which some of his former letters to you will serve to support.

*Lady S.* This, indeed, might have assisted.

*Joseph.* Come, come; it is not too late yet. [*Knocking at the*

*door, L.*] [*Rises.*] But hark! this is probably my uncle, Sir Oliver: retire to that room; we'll consult farther when he is gone.

*Lady S.* Well, but if *he* should find you out, too?

*Joseph.* Oh, I have no fear of that. Sir Peter will hold his tongue for his own credit's sake—and you may depend on it, I shall soon discover Sir Oliver's weak side!

*Lady S.* I have no diffidence of your abilities! only be constant to one roguery at a time. [*Exit Lady Sneerwell, R.*]

*Joseph.* I will, I will. So, 'tis confounded hard, after such bad fortune, to be baited by one's confederates in evil. We I, at all events, my character is so much better than Charles's, that I certainly—Hey!—what!—this is not Sir Oliver, but old Stanley again. Plague on't! that he should return to tease me just now—I shall have Sir Oliver come and find him here—and—

*Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE, L. D.*

Gad's life, Mr. Stanley, why have you come back to plague me at this time? You must not stay now, upon my word.

*Sir O. (L.)* Sir, I hear your uncle Oliver is expected here, and though he has been so penurious to you, I'll try what he'll do for me.

*Joseph. (R.)* Sir, 'tis impossible for you to stay now, so I must beg—Come any other time, and I promise you, you shall be assisted.

*Sir O.* No, Sir Oliver and I must be acquainted.

*Joseph.* Zounds, sir! then I insist on your quitting the room directly.

*Sir O.* Nay, sir—

*Joseph.* Sir, I insist on't! here, William! show this gentleman out. Since you compel me, sir,—not one moment—this is such insolence!

[*Going to push him out, L.*]

*Enter CHARLES SURFACE, L. D.*

*Charles.* Hey day! what's the matter now! What, the devil, have you got hold of my little broker here? Zounds, brother, don't hurt little Premium. [*Crosses, c.*] What's the matter, my little fellow?

*Joseph. (R.)* So! he has been with you too, has he?

*Charles. (C.)* To be sure he has. Why, he's as honest a little—but sure, Joseph, you have not been borrowing money too, have you?

*Joseph.* Borrowing! No! But, brother, you know we expect Sir Oliver here every—

*Charles.* O, Gad, that's true! Noll mustn't find the little broker here, to be sure!

*Joseph.* Yet Mr. Stanley insists—

*Charles.* Stanley! why, his name's Premium.

*Joseph.* No, sir, Stanley.

*Charles.* No, no, Premium.

*Joseph.* Well, no matter which—but—

*Charles.* Ay, ay, Stanley or Premium. 'tis the same thing, as you say; for I suppose he goes by half a hundred names, besides A. B. at the coffee-house. [*Knock.*]

*Joseph.* 'Sdeath! here's Sir Oliver at the door. Now I beg, Mr. Stanley—

*Charles.* Ay, ay, and I beg, Mr. Premium—

*Sir O.* Gentlemen—

*Joseph.* Sir, by heaven, you shall go!

*Charles.* Ay, ay, out with him, certainly!

*Sir O.* This violence—

*Joseph.* Sir, 'tis your own fault.

*Charles.* Out with him, to be sure.

[*Both forcing Sir Oliver out, L.*]

*Enter LADY TEAZLE and SIR PETER, MARIA, and ROWLEY, R. D.*

*Sir P.* My old friend, Sir Oliver—hey! What in the name of wonder—here are dutiful nephews—assault their uncle on a first visit!

*Lady T.* Indeed, Sir Oliver, 'twas well we came in to rescue you.

*Row.* Truly it was; for I perceive, Sir Oliver, the character of old Stanley was no protection to you.

*Sir O.* Nor Premium either; the necessities of the former could not extort a shilling from that benevolent gentleman; and with the other, I stood a chance of faring worse than my ancestors, and being knocked down without being bid for. [*x. c.*]

*Joseph.* (R.) Charles!

*Charles.* (R.) Joseph!

*Joseph.* 'Tis now complete.

*Charles.* Very!

*Sir O.* Sir Peter, my friend, and Rowley too—look on that elder nephew of mine. You know what he has already received from my bounty; and you also know how gladly I would have regarded half of my fortune as held in trust for him: judge then of my disappointment on discovering him to be destitute of truth, charity, and gratitude.

*Sir P.* (L. c.) Sir Oliver, I should be more surprised at this declaration if I had not myself found him to be selfish, treacherous, and hypocritical.

*Lady T.* And if the gentleman pleads not guilty to these, pray let him call *me* to his character.

*Sir P.* Then, I believe, we need add no more: if he knows himself, he will consider it as the most perfect punishment, that he is known to the world.

*Charles.* If they talk this way to honesty, what they will say to me, by and by? [*Aside.*

[*Sir Peter, Lady Teazle, and Maria retire.*]

*Sir O.* As for that prodigal, his brother, there—

*Charles.* Ay, now comes my turn: the damned family pictures will ruin me. [*Aside.*

*Joseph.* Sir Oliver—uncle, will you honour me with a hearing?

*Charles.* Now if Joseph would make one of his long speeches I might recollect myself a little. [*Aside.*

*Sir O.* I suppose you would undertake to justify yourself? [*To Joseph.*

*Joseph.* I trust I could.

*Sir O.* Nay, if you desert your roguery in its distress, and try to be justified—you have even less principle than I thought you had. [*To Charles*] Well, sir, you could justify yourself too, I suppose?

*Charles.* Not that I know of, Sir Oliver.

*Sir O.* What! Little Premium has been let too much into the secret, I suppose?

*Charles.* True, sir; but they were *family* secrets, and should not be mentioned again, you know.

*Row.* Come, Sir Oliver, I know you can not speak of Charles's follies with anger.

*Sir O.* Odd's heart, no more I can; nor with gravity either. Sir Peter, do you know, the rogue bargained with me for all his ancestors? sold me judges and generals by the foot, and maiden aunts as cheap as broken china.

*Charles.* To be sure, Sir Oliver, I did make a little free with the family canvas, that's the truth on't. My ancestors may certainly rise up in judgment against me: there's no denying it; but believe me sincere when I tell you—that if I do not appear mortified at the exposure of my follies, it is because I feel at this moment the warmest satisfaction in seeing you, my liberal benefactor.

*Sir O.* Charles, I believe you: give me your hand again: the ill-looking little fellow over the settee has made your peace.

*Charles.* Then, sir, my gratitude to the original is still increased.

*Lady T.* [*Advancing c., Maria on her left hand.*] Yet, I believe, Sir Oliver, here is one whom Charles is still more anxious to be reconciled to.

*Sir O.* Oh! I have heard of his attachment there; and, with the young lady's pardon, if I construe right—that blush—

*Sir P.* Well, child, speak your sentiments!

*Maria.* Sir, I have little to say, but that I shall rejoice to hear that he is happy; for me—whatever claim I had to his attention, I willingly resign to one who has a better title.

*Charles.* How, Maria!

*Sir P.* Hey day! what's the mystery now?—While he appeared an incorrigible rake, you would give your hand to no one else; and now that he is likely to reform, I'll warrant you won't have him.

*Maria.* His own heart and Lady Sneerwell know the cause.

*Charles.* Lady Sneerwell!

*Joseph.* (R.) Brother, it is with great concern I am obliged to speak on this point, but my regard to justice compels me, and Lady Sneerwell's injuries can no longer be concealed.

[*Opens the door, R.*

*Enter LADY SNEERWELL, R.*

*Sir P.* So! another French milliner! Egad, I wonder if he hides them in my house as well as his own.

*Maria goes up stage.*

*Lady S.* Ungrateful Charles! Well may you be surprised, and feel for the indelicate situation your perfidy has forced me into.

*Charles.* Pray, uncle, is this another plot of yours? For, as I have life, I don't understand it.

*Joseph.* I believe, sir, there is but the evidence of one person more necessary, to make it extremely clear.

*Sir P.* And that person, I imagine, is Mr. Snake. Rowley, you were perfectly right to bring him with us, and pray let him appear.

*Row.* Walk in, Mr. Snake.

*Enter MR. SNAKE, L. D.*

I thought his testimony might be wanted: however, it happens unluckily that he comes to confront Lady Sneerwell, not to support her.

*Lady S.* (R.) A villain! Treacherous to me at last!—Speak, fellow: have you, too, conspired against me.

*Snake.* (L.) I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons; you paid me extremely liberally for the he in question; but I, unfortunately, have been offered double to speak the truth.

*Sir P.* Plot and counter plot! I wish your ladyship joy of your negotiation.

*Lady S.* [*Crosses, L.*] The torments of shame and disappointment on you all!

*Lady T.* Hold, Lady Sneerwell: before you go, let me thank you for the trouble you and that gentleman have taken, in

writing letters from me to Charles, and answering them yourself; and let me also request you to make my respects to the scandalous college, of which you are president, and inform them, that Lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they granted her, as she leaves off practice, and kills characters no longer.

*Lady S.* You, too, madam [x. L.]—provoking—insolent—May your husband live these fifty years! [Exit, L.]

*Sir P.* Oons! what a fury!

*Lady T.* A malicious creature, indeed!

*Sir P.* [On *Lady Teazle's right hand.*] What! Not for her last wish?

*Lady T.* O, no!

*Sir O.* Well, sir, and what have you to say now?

*Joseph.* Sir, I am so confounded, to find that Lady Sneerwell could be guilty of suborning Mr. Snake in this manner, to impose on us all, that I know not what to say: however, lest her revengeful spirit should prompt her to injure my brother, I had certainly better follow her directly. For the man who attempts to— [Crosses and exit, L.]

*Sir P.* Moral to the last!

*Sir O.* Ay, and marry her,—Joseph, if you can. Egad! you'll do very well together.

*Row.* I believe we have no more occasion for Mr. Snake, at present.

*Snake.* (L.) Before I go, I beg pardon once for all, for whatever uneasiness I have been the humble instrument of causing to the parties present.

*Sir P.* Well, well, you have made atonement by a good deed at last.

*Snake.* But I must request of the company, that it shall never be known.

*Sir P.* Hey—What the plague!—Are you ashamed of having done a right thing once in your life!

*Snake.* Ah, sir, consider,—I live by the badness of my character; and if it were once known that I had been betrayed into an honest action, I should lose every friend I have in the world. [Exit, L.]

*Sir O.* Well, well, we'll not traduce you by saying any thing in your praise, never fear.

*Lady T.* See, Sir Oliver, there needs no persuasion now to reconcile your nephew and Maria.

*Sir O.* Ay, ay, that's as it should be; and, egad, we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

*Charles.* Thank you, dear uncle!

Charles joins Maria up stage.

Pointing to Maria and Charles, who are apparently unconscious of every one but themselves.



Charles leads  
Maria down

*Sir P.* What, you rogue! don't you ask the girl's consent first!

*Charles.* Oh, I have done that a long time—a minute ago—and she has looked yes.

*Maria.* For shame, Charles!—I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word.

*Sir O.* Well then, the fewer the better;—may your love for each other never know abatement!

*Sir P.* And may you live as happily together as Lady Teazle and I intend to do!

*Charles.* Rowley, my old friend, I am sure you congratulate me; and I suspect that I owe you much.

*Sir P.* Ay, honest Rowley always said you would reform.

*Charles.* Why, as to reforming, Sir Peter, I'll make no promises, and that I take to be a proof that I intend to set about it; but here shall be my monitor—my gentle guide—Ah! can I leave the virtuous path those eyes illumine?

Though thou, dear maid, should'st waive thy beauty's sway,  
Thou still must rule, because I will obey:

An humble fugitive from Folly view,

No sanctuary near but Love and you;

You can, indeed, each anxious fear remove,

For even Scandal dies, if you approve.

[*To the Audience.*]

THE END

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL  
OF THE CURTAIN.

SIR O., SIR P., LADY T., CHARLES, MARIA, ROWLEY.  
R.] [L.]

JUST PUBLISHED

# What Happened to Jones

An Original Farce in Three Acts

By **GEORGE H. BROADHURST**

---

---

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

JONES, *who travels for a hymn-book house*  
EBENEZER GOODLY, *a professor of anatomy*  
ANTHONY GOODLY, D.D., *Bishop of Ballarat*  
RICHARD HEATHERLY, *engaged to Marjorie*  
THOMAS HOLDER, *a policeman*  
WILLIAM BIGBEE, *an inmate of the Sanitarium*  
HENRY FULLER, *superintendent of the Sanitarium*  
MRS. GOODLY, *Ebenezer's wife*  
CISSY, *Ebenezer's ward*  
MARJORIE, }  
MINERVA, } *Ebenezer's daughters*  
ALVINA STARLIGHT, *Mr. Goodly's sister*  
HELMIA, *a servant*

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT 1.—Handsomely furnished room in home of Ebenezer Goodly.

ACT 2.—The same.

ACT 3.—The same.

This is the jolliest sort of a farce, clean and sparkling all the way through. A professor of anatomy is lured to a prize fight and the police make a raid on the "mill." The professor escapes to his home, followed by Jones, a traveling salesman, who sells hymn books when he can and playing cards when he cannot. The police are on the trail, so Jones disguises himself by putting on a Bishop's garb, and a lot of funny complications ensue. The other funmakers are aided not a little by an escaped lunatic. This celebrated farce has been a tremendous success for years on the professional stage and is now published for the first time.

**PRICE, 50 CENTS**

**JUST PUBLISHED**

The Great Successful College Play Entitled  
**CUPID AT VASSAR**  
A COMEDY DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

By **OWEN DAVIS**

AUTHOR OF "AT YALE"

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

JOHN WILLETT.....A Young Architect.  
AMOS NORTH.....Of North & Son, Bankers.  
SHINY.....A Lazy Darkey.  
HANK GUBBIN.....The Hired Man.  
MRS. NEWTON.....Of Great Falls, Vermont.  
KATE.....Her Daughter.  
WANDA.....Kate's Half-sister.  
MISS PAGE.....  
SALLY WEBB.....  
MATTY HART.....  
ALICE WORTH.....  
PATTY SNOW.....  
HELEN CONWAY.....

As many more college girls as are desired.

**SYNOPSIS**

**Act I**

SCENE, sitting-room of Kate's home in Vermont. (At the Old Home.)

**Act II**

SCENE, Kate's room, in a senior double. (At Vassar.)

**Act III**

SCENE, same set as Act I. with snow and winter backing and Christmas tree, etc. (Vacation Time.)

**Act IV**

SCENE, college campus at Vassar. (Graduation Day. The Daisy Chain.)

This comedy is eminently suited to girls' schools and colleges, as it can be played by all females. There are only four male characters, two of which are eccentric parts, and all the male parts can be easily dressed by girls. The play has all college surroundings, and the last act contains the famous daisy chain which is so popular at girls' colleges.

**PRICE, 25 CENTS**

**JUST PUBLISHED**  
**IN FRENCH'S STANDARD LIBRARY EDITION**  
**THE GREAT COLLEGE PLAY ENTITLED**  
**BROWN OF HARVARD**

A Play in Four Acts  
 By **RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG**

**THE CAST OF CHARACTERS**

<b>TOM BROWN.</b>		
<b>GERALD THORNE,</b> stroke oar of the "Varsity Eight," who is not his own master.		
<b>WILFRED KENYON.</b>		
<b>CLAXTON MADDEN,</b>	}	Students with properly developed college spirit.
<b>JOHN CARTWRIGHT,</b>		
<b>"TUBBY" ANDERSON,</b>		
<b>"HAPPY" THURSTON,</b>		
<b>WALTER BARNARD,</b>		
<b>WARREN PIERCE,</b>		
<b>THOMPSON COYNE.</b>		
<b>"BUB" HALL,</b> "Varsity Coach."		
<b>VICTOR COLTON,</b> who wants the English crew to defeat his Alma Mater.		
<b>CODRINGTON,</b> Manager of the English crew.		
<b>ELLIS,</b> Manager of the Varsity crew.		
<b>CAPTAIN HODGES,</b>	}	Members of the Varsity crew.
<b>GEORGE SELWYN,</b>		
<b>JAMES VAN RENSSALAER,</b>		
<b>ARTHUR BLAKE,</b>		
<b>AUSTIN LATCHOW.</b>		
<b>OLD CLOTHES MAN.</b>		
<b>DOORKEEPER.</b>		
<b>BUTLER.</b>		
	<b>MRS. KENYON.</b>	<b>MARIAN THORNE</b>
	<b>EMELYN KENYON.</b>	<b>EDITH SINCLAIR.</b>

**SYNOPSIS OF SCENES**

ACT I

**PLACE.**—Cambridge, Mass.  
**SCENE.**—Tom Brown's and Claxton Madden's apartments in "The Wetherby," a students' apartment house.

ACT II

**SCENE.**—Yard at Harvard. The exterior of a dormitory.

ACT III

**SCENE.**—"The Varsity Boat Club" on the day of the race with the English Amateurs. The scene is laid in the large hall of the boathouse.

ACT IV

**SCENE.**—Same as Act One.

"Brown of Harvard" has the genuine college atmosphere, with moments of excitement and even of sentimental interest. To begin with, there is, of course, Brown himself, a paragon of all the ordinary virtues, with the additional and rare one of modesty. Then, there is Wilton Ames, who is not his own master, and Victor Colton, who wants the English crew to defeat his Alma Mater, and who is not above using the weaker student to accomplish his own villainous purpose. For the rest, they are college boys of various types, girls of the sort who like to come to afternoon tea in the fellows' room and who whoop it up for them when any sort of a contest is on. The play's chief appeal comes from the fact that it reflects in its entirety the buoyant, wholesome spirit of youth. Some lively and entertaining glimpses of college life are shown. Glimpses into typical student sanctums, the fun and frolic of goodfellowship, the chat of the crew, snatches of college songs, the harmless flirtations of the town and campus—these are all pleasant features of the piece. All this and a stirring boat-race scene added makes a play of college life that fairly teems with the varsity atmosphere. The characters are well drawn and there is action and movement throughout the four acts. Plays a full evening.

**PRICE, 50 CENTS**

JUST PUBLISHED

# AT YALE

A Comedy Drama of College Life in Three Acts

By OWEN DAVIS

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

DICK SHEELEY..... Yale '05.  
MR. CLAYTON RANDAL..... Of New York.  
JACK RANDAL..... His son, Yale '05.  
DAVE BURLY..... Substitute on Yale Crew.  
JIM TUCKER..... Captain of Yale Crew.  
JIMSEY..... A Telegraph Messenger Boy.  
CLANCY..... A Prize-fighter.  
JOHN KENNEDY..... Coach Yale Crew.  
FRANK YOUNG..... Member of Yale Crew.  
ED. SCOTT..... Friend of Dick and Member of Yale  
Crew.  
TOM HAYNES..... Member of Yale Crew.  
ROBERT CROSBY..... Member of Yale Crew.  
JEPSON..... Boatman.  
POL.....  
HARRY WILSON.....  
WILL TAYLOR.....  
MRS. RANDAL..... Jack's Mother.  
DOROTHY RANDAL..... Her daughter.  
POLLY BURK..... A friend of Dorothy.  
MAME BRADY..... A poor girl.

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I.—Vanderbilt Hall, New Haven.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.—A Boat House, Gales Ferry.

SCENE 2.—The Start. Gales Ferry Quarters.

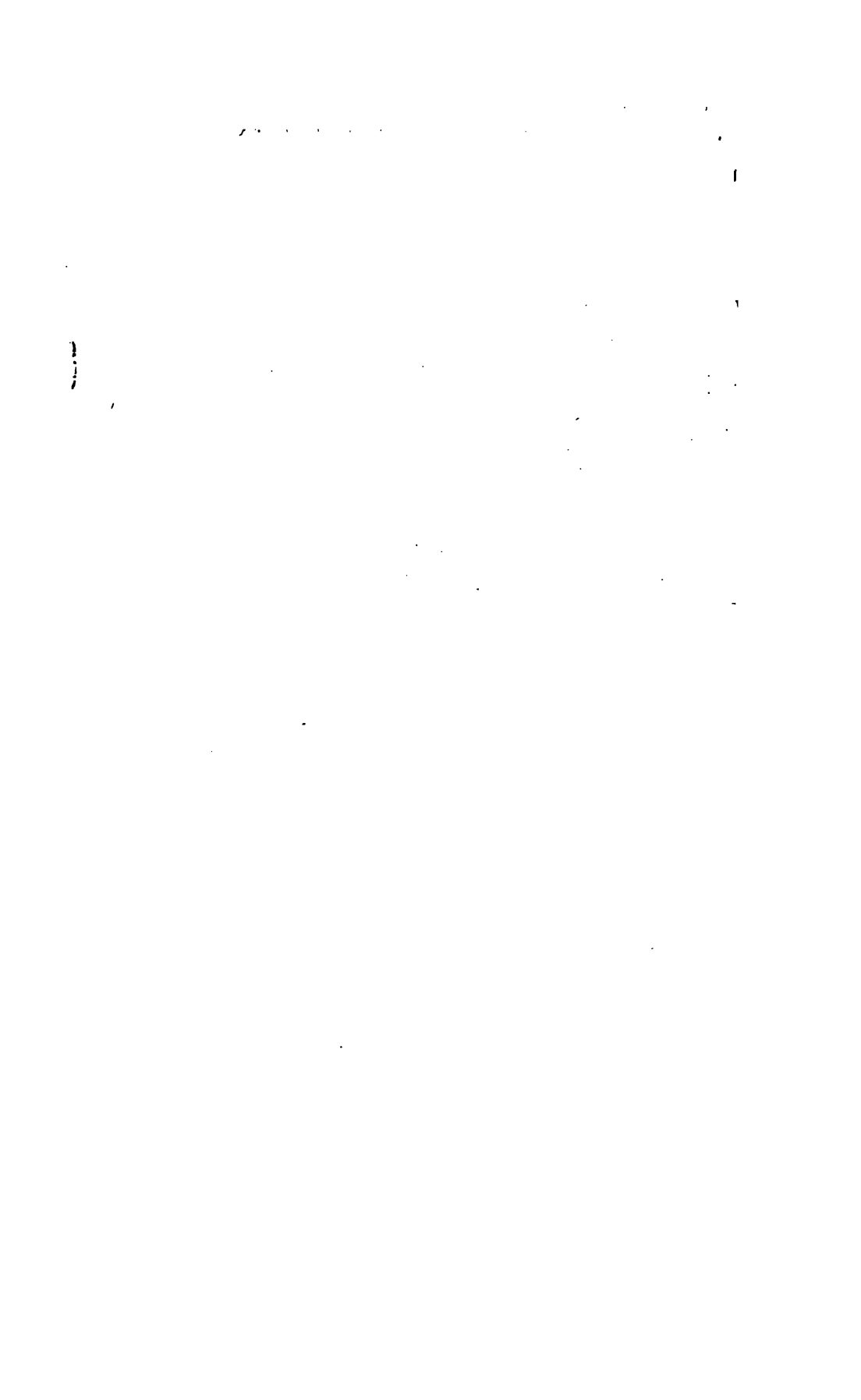
SCENE 3.—The Race. Thames River.

ACT III.—Exterior of Griswold Hotel, Eastern Point. New London. The night of the race.

A Comedy Drama of American College Life in Three Acts, by Owen Davis. This piece was played with tremendous success all over the United States by Paul Gilmore. Sixteen males, four females, four of the men being unimportant. This is a play with a distinct college setting, in which athletics are prominent; just the kind of play that is wanted by nearly every high school and college contemplating putting on a play as part of their commencement exercises. There are pretty college girls, freshmen, a telegraph messenger boy, coaches, typical college boys, members of the crew, substitutes, etc. Any number of males and females can be used in the ensembles. Plays a full evening.

PRICE. 25 CENTS





No. 2

Price, 25 Cents

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS'  
EDITION OF STANDARD PLAYS

---

# The School for Scandal

A Comedy in Five Acts

By

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

*As Remodeled and Rearranged*

by

AUGUSTIN DALY

*with Marginal Notes*

by

FRED. WILLIAMS

*Dean of the Faculty of the*

American Academy of Dramatic Arts

---

Copyright, 1901, by T. H. French

NEW YORK  
SAMUEL FRENCH  
PUBLISHER  
24 WEST 23D STREET

LONDON  
SAMUEL FRENCH  
PUBLISHER  
89 STRAND



# FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

Price 15 Cents each.—Bound Volumes \$1.25.

VOL. I.	VOL. XI.	VOL. XXI.	VOL. XXXI.
1 Ion	81 Julius Caesar	161 All's Fair in Love	341 Merry Wives of Windsor
2 Paolo	82 Vicar of Wakefield	162 Hofer	342 Mary's Bishopric
3 The Lady of Lyons	83 Leap Year	163 Self	343 Shandy Maguire
4 Kibbaloo	84 The Catspaw	164 Cinderella	344 Wild Cass
5 The Wife	85 The Passing Cloud	165 Phantom	345 Mutual Help
6 The Honeymoon	86 Drunkard	166 Franklin	346 Iliad Witness
7 The School for Scandal	87 Rob Roy	167 The Gunmaker of	347 Willow Copse
8 Money	88 George Barnwell	168 The Love	348 People's Lawyer
	VOL. XII.		VOL. XXXII.
9 The Stranger	89 Ingomar	169 Son of the Night	349 The Boy Martyre
10 Grandfather Whitehead	90 Sketches in India	170 Rory O'More	350 Lucretiaorgia
11 Richard III	91 Two Friends	171 Golden Eagle	351 Surgeon of Paris
12 Love's Sacrifice	92 Jane Shore	172 Kismet	352 Fairbanks's Daughter
13 The Gunstiller	93 Cordova Brothers	173 Broken Sword	353 Musician of Toulouse
14 A Cure for the Heartache	94 Mind your own Business	174 Rip Van Winkle	354 Monumental Question
15 The Hunchback	95 Writing on the Wall	175 Isabelle	355 Love and Loyalty
16 Don Cesar de Bazan	96 Rab at Law	176 Heart of Mid Lothian	356 Robber's Wife
	VOL. XIII.		VOL. XXXIII.
17 The Poor Gentleman	97 Soldier's Daughter	177 Actress of Padua	357 Dutch Girl of Genoa
18 Hamlet	98 Douglas	178 Floating Beacon	358 Wreck Abare
19 Charles II	99 Marco Spada	179 Bride of Lammermoor	359 Claf
20 Venice Preserved	100 Nature's Nobleman	180 Cataract of the Ganges	360 Rural Felicity
21 Pizarro	101 Sardanapalus	181 Robber of the Rhine	361 Wallace
22 The Love Chase	102 Cielistracion	182 School of Reform	362 Medley
23 Othello	103 The Robbers	183 Wandering Boys	363 The Fireman
24 Lend me Five Shillings	104 Katharine and Petruchio	184 Maseppa	364 Grist in the Mill
	VOL. XIV.		VOL. XXXIV.
25 Virginius	105 Games of Love	185 Young New York	365 Two Lovers and a Life
26 King of the Commons	106 Midsummer Night's	186 The Victims	366 Annie Binks
27 London Assurance	107 Ernestine	187 Romance after Marriage	367 Steward
28 The Rent Day	108 Rag Picker of Paris	188 Brigand	368 Captain Kyd
29 Two Gentlemen of Verona	109 Flying Dutchman	189 Poor of New York	369 Nick of the Woods
30 The Jealous Wife	110 Hypocrite	190 Ambrose Gwilt	370 Marble Heart
31 The Rivals	111 Tyresse	191 Raymond and Agnes	371 Second Love
32 Perfection	112 La Tour de Neule	192 Gambler's Fate	372 Dream at Sea
	VOL. XV.		VOL. XXXV.
33 A New Way to Pay Old	113 Ireland As It Is	193 Father and Son	373 Breach of Promise
34 Look Before You Leap	114 Sea of Ice	194 Massanello	374 Review
35 King John	115 Seven Clerks	195 Sixteen String Jack	375 Lady of the Lake
36 Nervous Man	116 Games of Life	196 Youthful Queen	376 Still Water Runs Deep
37 Damon and Pythias	117 Forty Thieves	197 Skeleton Witness	377 The Scholar
38 Claudine Marriage	118 Bryan Borothme	198 Innkeeper of Abbeville	378 Helping Hands
39 William Tell	119 Romance and Reality	199 Miller and his Men	379 Faust and Marguerite
40 Day after the Wedding	120 Ugolino	200 Aindin	380 Lost Man
	VOL. XVI.		VOL. XXXVI.
41 Epsed the Plough	121 The Tempest	201 Adrienne the Actress	381 Ball's Stratagem
42 Romance and Juliet	122 The Pilot	202 Uddine	382 Old and Young
43 Fendal Times	123 Carpenter of Rosen	203 Jesse Brown	383 Raffella
44 Charles the Twelfth	124 King's Rival	204 Amodeus	384 Ruth Oakley
45 The Bride	125 Little Treasure	205 Murrone	385 British Slave
46 The Follies of a Night	126 Donkey and Son	206 Blanche of Brandywine	386 A Life's Hanson
47 Iron Chest	127 Parents and Guardians	207 Viola	387 Gerald
48 False Heart Never Won	128 Jewess	208 Desert Deserted	388 Time Tries All
	VOL. XVII.		VOL. XXXVII.
49 Road to Ruin	129 Camilla	209 Americans in Paris	389 Ella Rosenberg
50 Manbeth	130 Married Life	210 Victorine	390 Warlock of the Glen
51 Temper	131 Wslock of Wenlock	211 Wizard of the Wave	391 Zilma
52 Erasmus	132 Rose of Ettrickvale	212 Castle Spectre	392 Beatrice
53 Bertram	133 David Copperfield	213 Horse-shoe Robinson	393 Neighbor Jack wood
54 The Duenna	134 Albus, or the Rose of	214 Arnold, Mrs. Mowatt	394 Wonder
55 Much Ado About Nothing	135 Faclino	215 Fashion, Mrs. Mowatt	395 Robert Emmet
56 The Critic	136 Jane Eyre	216 Glance at New York	396 Green Baulis
	VOL. XVIII.		VOL. XXXVIII.
57 The Apostate	137 Night and Morning	217 Inconstant	397 Flowers of the Forest
58 Twelfth Night	138 Adulter	218 Uncle Tom's Cabin	398 A Bachelor of Arts
59 Brutus	139 Three Guardsmen	219 Guide to the Stage	399 The Midnight Banquet
60 Simpson & Co	140 Tom Cingle	220 Veteran	400 Husband of an Hour
61 Merchant of Venice	141 Henrietta, the Forsaken	221 Miller of New Jersey	401 Love's Labor Lost
62 Old Heads & Young Hearts	142 Eustache Baudin	222 Dark Hour before Dawn	402 Nabal Queen
63 Mountaineers	143 Ernest Maltravera	223 Midsum'r Night's Dream	403 Captive
64 Three Weeks after Mar-	144 Bold Dragons	224 Art and Artifice	404 Cradle of Liberty
	VOL. XIX.		VOL. XXXIX.
65 Love	145 Dred, or the Dismal	225 Poor Young Man	405 The Lost Ship
66 As You Like It	146 Last Days of Pompeii	226 Osaawatimole Brown	406 Country Squire
67 The Elder Brother	147 Emerseda	227 Pope of Rome	407 Fossil and its Victims
68 Yvonne	148 Peter Wilkins	228 Oliver Twist	408 Putnam
69 Clippus	149 Ben the Bookworm	229 Pauvette	409 King and Despair
70 Town and Country	150 Jonathan Bradford	230 Man in the Iron Mask	410 La Flammin
71 King Lear	151 Retribution	231 Knight of Arva	411 A Hard Struggle
72 Blue Devils	152 Minerva	232 Mill Patcher	412 Gwynette Vaughan
	VOL. XX.		VOL. XL.
73 Henry VIII	153 French Spy	233 Black Eye's Susan	413 The Love Knot
74 Married and Single	154 Wept of Wash-ton With	234 Swain in Paris	414 Lavater, or Not a Bad
75 Henry IV	155 Evil Genius	235 Hostia Meadows	415 The Noble Heart
76 Paul Pry	156 Ben Bolt	236 West End, or Irish Help	416 Coriolanus
77 Guy Roversing	157 Sallur of France	237 Six Degrees of Trine	417 The Winter's Tale
78 Swagmarts and Wives	158 Red Mask	238 The Lady and the Devil	418 Ernest's Willam
79 Carous Fancily	159 Life of an Actress	239 A Sinner, or Moor of Sled	419 Ivanhoe
80 She Stoops to Conquer	160 Wedding Day	240 Masks and Faces	420 Jonathan in England

(French's Standard Drama Continued on 3rd page of Cover.)

SAMUEL FRENCH 26 West 22d Street, New York City  
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request.

No. 2

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS'  
EDITION OF STANDARD PLAYS

---

# THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS

BY

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

AS REMODELED AND REARRANGED BY

AUGUSTIN DALY

WITH MARGINAL NOTES

BY

FRED. WILLIAMS

DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF THE

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

---

Copyright, 1901, by T. H. French

---

NEW YORK  
SAMUEL FRENCH  
PUBLISHER  
26 WEST 22D STREET

LONDON  
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.  
PUBLISHERS  
89 STRAND

**HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
FROM  
THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
1919**

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

---

"It seems not a little extraordinary," says Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*, "that nearly all our first-rate comedies should have been the production of very young men. Those of Congreve were all written before he was five-and-twenty; Farquhar produced the *Constant Couple* in his two-and-twentieth year, and died at thirty; Vanburgh was a young ensign when he sketched out the *Relapse* and the *Provoked Wife*; and Sheridan crowned his reputation with the *School for Scandal* at six-and-twenty. It is, perhaps, still more remarkable to find, as in the instance before us, that works which, at this period of life, we might suppose to have been the rapid offspring of a careless but vigorous fancy—anticipating the results of experience by a sort of second-sight inspiration—should, on the contrary, have been the slow result of many and doubtful experiments, gradually unfolding beauties unforeseen even by him who produced them, and arriving at length, step by step, at perfection. That such was the tardy process by which the *School for Scandal* was produced, will appear from the first sketches of its plan and dialogue."

This comedy, which, by general consent, seems to be placed at the head of the English Comic Drama, was first acted the eighth of May, 1777, at Drury Lane. It was not printed, however, till many years afterward. Few pieces ever equalled it in success; and it continues to hold its pre-eminent place as the most perfect specimen of an acting comedy in the language.

Fault has been often found with the moral tendencies of the piece; and it must be confessed that the spendthrift injustice of Charles is too leniently dealt with. We could never admire that species of generosity which would rob a creditor to lavish money upon one who might have been in no greater want of it than he to whom it was legally due. Sir Peter Teazle is the least objec-

tionable character in the piece, morally considered; and even *he* is disposed to make light of the supposed peccadillo of Joseph in the fourth act, until he finds that the lady behind the screen is his own wife. Some exceptionable sentiments are put into the lips of Sir Oliver, in palliation of the extravagances of his favorite nephew; but the hypocrisy of Joseph is painted in colors deservedly repulsive.

Successful as this charming comedy is in the representation, it can hardly be regarded as a safe model for a young writer. "There is too much merely ornamental dialogue, and, with some very fine theatrical situations, too much intermission in the action and business; and, above all, there is too little real warmth of feeling, and too few indications of noble or serious passion, thoroughly to satisfy the wants of readers and spectators—even in a comedy."

"When will these people leave talking, and begin to do something?" was the exclamation of an illiterate person in the pit, the first night of the performance of this comedy. But how much more to be admired is the skill of the author, which could supply the defect of situation and action by those dazzling scintillations of wit, which irradiate every page of his immortal work!

In the re-modeled form, as we here print this famous comedy, it was revived by MR. DALY at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on the 12th of September, 1874—nearly ninety-seven years after the original production of the piece at Drury Lane. In the new guise the famous old comedy seemed to gain new life, and we shall be very much mistaken if this does not become the future standard and universal prompt-book wherever and whenever again the School for Scandal is acted.

# SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

## CASTS.

	Original Cast. Drury Lane, May, 1777.	New Version. Prince of Wales, April, 1874.	Fifth Avenue Theatre. September 12th, 1874.
SIR PETER TEAZLE.....	Mr. King.	Mr. Hare.	Charles Fisher.
SIR OLIVER SUFFACE.....	Mr. Yates.	Mr. Collette.	William Davidge.
SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.....	Mr. Dodd.	Lijn. Rayne.	B. T. Ringgold.
SIR HARRY BUMPER.....		Mr. Crawford.	J. G. Baker.
SIR TOBY.....		Mr. Campbell.	Mr. Gilbert.
JOSEPH SURI ACE.....	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Baurhoff.	Louis James.
CHARLES SUFFACE.....	Mr. Smith.	Mr. C. Cochran.	George Clarke.
CRABTREE.....	Mr. Parsons.	Mr. A. Wood.	F. Wittenberg.
KOWLEY.....	Mr. Alcock.	Mr. Cathart.	D. Whiting.
CARELESS.....	Mr. Parson.	Mr. Herbert.	Hart Cunway.
MOSES.....	Mr. Boddely.	Mr. F. Glover.	James Lewis.
TRIP.....	Mr. Lammah.	Mr. Mackley.	Sol. Russell.
SNAKE.....	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Newton.	George Devere.
SIR PETER'S SERVANT.....			Mr. Beckman.
JOSEPH'S SERVANT.....			Mr. Chapman.
LADY SNEERWELL'S GUESTS, ETC.			Mr. Devau.
LADY TEAZLE.....	Mrs. Abington.	Marie Wilton.	Miss Fanny Davenport.
LADY SNEERWELL.....	Mrs. Sherry.	Fanny Josephs.	Miss Alice Gray.
MRS. CANDOUR.....	Mrs. Pope.	Mrs. Edg Murray.	Mrs. G. H. Gilbert.
MARIA.....	Miss P. Hopkins.	Miss B. Wilton.	Miss Sara Jewett.
LADY SNEERWELL'S MAID.....			Miss Griffiths.

CASTS.

## COSTUMES.

---

- SIR PETER.**—Drab or salmon-colored velvet coat and breeches, trimmed with silver, white satin vest, white silk stockings, shoes, buckles, lace ruffles, etc.
- SIR OLIVER.**—Brown coat and waistcoat with embroidered button-holes, black satin breeches, silk stockings, shoes, buckles, three-cornered hat, brown camlet over-coat, embroidered.—Second dress: Plain camlet drab over-coat.
- JOSEPH SURFACE.**—Blue or black coat, white waistcoat, black pantaloons, black silk stockings, and pumps.
- CHARLES SURFACE.**—Green coat, white waistcoat, light breeches, white silk stockings, dress shoes.
- CRABTREE.**—Purple velvet cloak lined with blue satin, satin waistcoat, embroidered satin breeches, white silk stockings.
- BACKBITE.**—Fashionable colored dress coat, white and crimson waistcoats, flesh-colored tight pantaloons, silk stockings, pumps, and opera hat.
- ROWLEY.**—Great coat, black breeches and waistcoat, gray camlet over-coat.
- MOSES.**—Black velvet coat, waistcoat, and breeches, trimmed with narrow gold lace, black stockings, and shoes with buckles.
- CARELESS.**—Black coat and pantaloons, white waistcoat, black silk stockings and pumps.
- SIR HARRY.**—Blue coat, white waistcoat, and black pantaloons.
- TIP.**—Handsome dress livery.
- SNAKE.**—Black coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, silk stockings, and pumps.
- JOSEPH'S SERVANT.**—Plain blue coat, yellow waistcoat and breeches, white stockings, and shoes.
- LADY TEAZLE.**—Elegant white gauze dress, handsomely worked with silver flowers, white satin petticoat and body, and plume of feathers.
- MARIA.**—White satin dress with black trimming.
- LADY SNEERWELL.**—White dress, neatly trimmed.
- MRS. CANDOUR.**—White satin petticoat and body, and flowered gauze dress over.

---

### EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

# THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Lady Sneerwell's House. Large Arch, c. Door, L.*

LADY SNEERWELL *discovered at table, L.* SNAKE, *to whom a servant brings chocolate, R.* [*Exit servant.*]

*Lady S.* THE paragraphs, Mr. Snake, were all inserted ?

*Snake.* They were, madam ; and as I copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion whence they came.

*Lady S. (L.)* Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's intrigue with Captain Boastall ?

*Snake. (R.)* That's in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I think it must reach Mrs. Clackitt's ears within four and twenty hours ; and then, you know, the business is as good as done.

*Lady S.* Why, truly, Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent, and a great deal of industry.

*Snake.* True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge she has been the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons being disinherited ; of four forced elopements, as many close confinements, nine separate maintenances, and two divorces. Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a tête-à-tête in the Town and Country Magazine, when the parties, perhaps, had never seen each other's face before in the course of their lives.

*Lady S.* She certainly has talents, but her manner is gross.

*Snake.* 'Tis very true.—She generally designs well, has a free tongue and a bold invention ; but her colouring is too dark, and her outlines often extravagant. She wants that delicacy of tint and mellowness of sneer, which distinguish your ladyship's scandal.

*Lady S.* Ah ! You are partial, Snake.

*Snake.* Not in the least—every body allows that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or a look than many can with the

Lady Sneerwell is at dressing-table finishing putting patches on her face.

Snake finishes drinking chocolate, puts cup on table and lolls in chair.

Snake rises and bows formally.



Coming towards  
Lady Sneerwell.

most laboured detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it.

*Lady S.* Yes, my dear Snake; and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap from the success of my efforts. [*They rise.*] Wounded myself in the early part of my life by the venomous tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own reputation.

*Snake.* Nothing can be more natural. [*Cross L.*] But, Lady Sneerwell, there is one affair in which you have lately employed me, wherein, I confess, I am at a loss to guess your motives.

*Lady S.* I conceive you mean with respect to my neighbour, Sir Peter Teazle, and his family?

Snake standing  
near dressing-table  
trifling with its dec-  
orations.

*Snake.* I do. Here are two young men, to whom Sir Peter has acted as a kind of guardian since their father's death; the eldest possessing the most amiable character, and universally well spoken of—the youngest, the most dissipated and extravagant young fellow in the kingdom, without friends or character: the former an avowed admirer of your ladyship's, and apparently your favourite; the latter attached to Maria, Sir Peter's ward, and confessedly beloved by her. Now, on the face of these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable to me, why you, the widow of a city knight, with a good jointure, should not close with the passion of a man of such character and expectations as Mr. Surface; and more so, why you should be so uncommonly earnest to destroy the mutual attachment subsisting between his brother Charles and Maria.

Lady Sneerwell  
sitting at table R.  
pouring out choco-  
late from pot on  
table. Drinks choc-  
olate.

*Lady S.* Then at once to unravel this mystery, I must inform you, that love has no share whatever in the intercourse between Mr. Surface and me.

*Snake.* No?

*Lady S.* His real attachment is to Maria, or her fortune; but finding in his brother a favoured rival, he has been obliged to mask his pretensions, and profit by my assistance.

Puts down cup on  
table R.

*Snake.* Yet I am still more puzzled why you should interest yourself in his success.

Lady S. rises.

*Lady S.* Heavens! how dull you are! Cannot you surmise the weakness which I hitherto, through shame, have concealed even from you? Must I confess, that Charles, that libertine, that extravagant, that bankrupt in fortune and reputation, that he it is for whom I'm thus anxious and malicious, and to gain whom I would sacrifice every thing?

Lady S. crosses L.  
Snake rises and  
crosses R.

*Snake.* Now, indeed, your conduct seems consistent; but how came you and Mr. Surface so confidential?

*Lady S.* For our mutual interest. I have found him out a long time since. I know him to be artful, selfish, and malicious

—in short, a sentimental knave; while, with Sir Peter, and indeed with all his acquaintance, he passes for a youthful miracle of prudence, good sense, and benevolence.

*Snake.* Yes: yet Sir Peter vows he has not his equal in England—and above all, he praises him as a man of sentiment.

*Lady S.* True—and with the assistance of his sentiment and hypocrisy, he has brought him entirely into his interest with regard to Maria; while poor Charles has no friend in the house, though, I fear, he has a powerful one in Maria's heart, against whom we must direct our schemes.

*Enter SERVANT, c. from R.*

*Serv.* Mr. Surface.

*Lady S.* [*Crosses c.*] Show him up. [*Exit Servant, c.*] He generally calls about this time. I don't wonder at people giving him to me for a lover.

*Enter JOSEPH SURFACE, c.*

*Joseph S. (c.)* My dear Lady Sneerwell, how do you do to-day? Mr. Snake, your most obedient.

*Lady S. (R.)* Snake has just been rallying me on our mutual attachment; but I have informed him of our real views. You know how useful he has been to us, and believe me, the confidence is not ill-placed.

*Joseph S.* Madam, it is impossible for me to suspect a man of Mr. Snake's sensibility and discernment.

*Lady S.* Well, well, no compliments now; but tell me when you saw your mistress, Maria—or, what is more material to me, your brother.

*Joseph S.* I have not seen either since I left you; but I can inform you that they never meet. Some of your stories have taken a good effect on Maria.

*Lady S.* Ah! my dear Snake! the merit of this belongs to you; but do your brother's distresses increase?

*Joseph S.* Every hour. I am told he has had another execution in the house yesterday. In short, his dissipation and extravagance exceed everything I ever heard of.

*Lady S.* Poor Charles!

*Joseph S.* True, madam; notwithstanding his vices, one cannot help feeling for him. Poor Charles! I'm sure I wish it were in my power to be of any essential service to him; for the man who does not feel for the distresses of a friend, even though merited by his own misconduct, deserves——

*Lady S.* O Lud! you are going to be moral, and forget that you are among friends.

*Joseph S.* Egad, that's true! I'll keep that sentiment till I

*Lady S. sits at dressing-table.*

*Servant precedes Joseph, who hands him hat and cane. Servant exits. Joseph bows formally to Lady Sneerwell. Turning sees Snake up-stage. Snake comes down. Snake bows first to Lady S., then to Joseph as each compliments him.*

*L. Joseph sits at table*

*Joseph rises.*

*Joseph sits down.*

see Sir Peter. However, it is certainly a charity to rescue Maria from such a libertine, who, if he is to be reclaimed, can only be so by one of your ladyship's superior accomplishments and understanding [*Knock.*]

*Snake.* I believe, Lady Sneerwell, here's company coming. I'll go and copy the letter I mentioned to you. Mr. Surface, your most obedient.

*Joseph S.* [*Turning to Snake.*] Sir, your very devoted. [*Exit Snake, L.*] Lady Sneerwell, I am very sorry you have put any further confidence in that fellow.

*Lady S.* Why so?

*Joseph S. (L.)* I have lately detected him in frequent conference with old Rowley, who was formerly my father's steward, and has never, you know, been a friend of mine.

*Lady S.* And do you think he would betray us?

*Joseph S.* Nothing more likely. Take my word for it. He has not honesty enough to be faithful even to his own villainy.—Ah! Maria!

*Enter MARIA C. R., preceded by servant.*

*Lady S. (c.)* Maria, my dear, how do you do?—What's the matter?

*Maria. (L.)* Oh! there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipped out, and ran hither to avoid them.

*Lady S.* Is that all?

*Joseph S. (R.)* If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

*Lady S.* Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here.—But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done, that you should avoid him so?

*Maria.* Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said; his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

*Joseph S.* Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle Crabtree's as bad.

*Lady S.* Nay, but we should make allowance.—Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

*Maria.* For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice.—What do you think, Mr. Surface? [*Crosses to him.*]

Snake and Joseph bow to each other with excessive politeness.

Rising with anxiety.

Joseph bows to Maria, tries to take her hand. She stops and draws back. Lady S. crosses to her C. Joseph goes up, annoyed. Lady S. invites Maria in action to be seated.

Lady S. crosses L.

*Joseph S.* Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.

*Lady S. (L.)* Pshaw!—there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick.—What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

*Joseph S. (R.)* To be sure, madam; that conversation, where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

*Maria. (C.)* Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalry, and a thousand little motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one. [*sits R.*]

Maria rises.

*Enter SERVANT, C. R.*

Lady S. and Joseph exchange glances. Joseph crosses to L. Lady S. comes to C.

*Serv. Mrs. Candour.* [*Exit Servant, C.*]

*Lady S.* Now Maria, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman.

*Maria.* Yes,—with a very gross affectation of good nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

*Joseph S.* I'faith that's true, Lady Sneerwell: whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

*Lady S.* Hush!—here she is!—

*Servant shows in MRS. CANDOUR, C. R.*

Lady S. meets Mrs. Candour as the latter enters.

*Mrs. Can.* My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr. Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

*Joseph S. (R.)* Just so, indeed, ma'am.

*Mrs. C. [Crosses to Maria.]* Oh, Maria! child,—what! is the whole affair off between you and Charles?—His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

*Maria. (R.)* I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

*Mrs. C. (R. C.)* True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was

to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

*Maria.* 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

*Mrs. C.* Very true, child :—but what's to be done ?—People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filigree Flirt.—But, Lord ! there's no minding what one hears ; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

*Maria.* Such reports are highly scandalous.

*Mrs. C.* So they are, child—shameful, shameful ! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes.—Lord, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion ? Yet such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopped her last week just as she was stepping into the York Mail with her dancing master.

*Maria.* I'll answer for it, there are no grounds for that report.

*Mrs. C.* Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear ; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month, of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino—though, to be sure, that affair was never rightly cleared up.

*Joseph S.* The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

*Maria rises.*

*Maria.* 'Tis so ; but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable. [*Cross in.*]

*Mrs. Candour rises.*

*Mrs. C.* To be sure they are : tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one. But what's to be done ? as I said before ; how will you prevent people from talking ? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me Mr and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance ; she likewise hinted that a certain widow in the next street had got rid of her dropsy, and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner. But, Lord, do you think I would report these things ? No, no ! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

*Joseph rises.*

*Joseph S.* Ah, Mrs. Candour ! if every body had your forbearance and good-nature !

*Lady Sneerwell joins Maria.*

*Mrs. C.* I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs ; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. By the by, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined ?

*Joseph S.* I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

*Mrs. C.* Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way; so if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too, and that, you know, is a consolation.

*Joseph S.* Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

*Enter SERVANT, C. R.*

*Serv.* Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Lady S.* So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you sha'n't escape.

*Enter CRABTREE, 1st, and SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE 2nd, L.*

*Crab.* Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand—[*Crosses to Mrs. Candour.*—*Mrs. Candour,* I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet, too; isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

*Sir B. (L.)* O fie, uncle!

*Crab.* Nay, egad, it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymer in the kingdom.—Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire?—Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now;—your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and—

*Sir B.* Uncle, now—pr'thee—[*X. R.*]

*Crab.* F'faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at these things.

[*Sits L. of Mrs. CANDOUR.*]

*Lady S.* I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

*Sir B.* To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print, and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. [*Crosses to Maria.*] However, I have some love elegies which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

*Crab.* 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalize you!—you will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Lauia or Waler's Sacharissa.

*Sir B.* Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin.—'Fore Gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind.

Joseph goes up R.  
C. Maria comes down R.

Maria makes an attempt to go away.

Lady S. meets and receives Crabtree and Sir B.

Lady S. sits R.

Chocolate is handed round by the servant.

*Crab.* [*To Mrs. Candour.*] But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

*Mrs. C.* What, sir, do you mean the report of—

*Crab.* No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

*Mrs. C.* Impossible!

*Crab.* Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir B. crosses C.

*Sir B.* 'Tis very true, ma'am; every thing is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoken.

*Crab.* Yes—and they do say there were very pressing reasons for it.

Servant removes  
ups and exits.

*Lady S.* (L.) Why, I have heard something of this before.

*Mrs. C.* (x. L.) It can't be—and I wonder any one should believe such a story, of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

*Sir B.* (R. c.) O lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that every body was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

*Mrs. C.* Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp, as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation, that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robust characters of a hundred prudes.

*Sir B.* True, madam—there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

*Mrs. C.* Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

*Crab.* That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am.—Did you ever hear how Miss Piper came to lose her lover and her character last summer at Tunbridge?—Sir Benjamin, you remember it?

*Sir B.* Oh, to be sure?—the most whimsical circumstance.

*Lady S.* How was it, pray?

*Crab.* Why, one evening, at Mrs. Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn on the breeding Nova Scotia sheep in this country. Says a young lady in company, I have known instances of it—for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins.—What! cries the lady dowager Dundizzy (who you know is as deaf as a post), has Miss Piper had twins?—This mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole company into a fit of laughter. However, 'twas the next day everywhere reported, and in a few days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually

Maria goes up R.  
Joseph comes down

been brought to bed of a fine boy and girl ; and in less than a week, there were some people who could name the father, and the farm-house where the babies were put out to nurse.

*Lady S.* Strange, indeed !

*Crab.* Matter of fact, I assure you.—[*Crosses to Surface.*]—O lud ! Mr. Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home ?

*Joseph S. (L.)* Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

*Crab.* [R. of *Joseph.*] He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe ?—Sad comfort whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on !

*Joseph S.* Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure ; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

*Sir B.* To be sure he may : for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say ; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

*Crab.* That's true, egad, nephew. If the old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman :—no man more popular there, 'fore Gad ! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine ; and that whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

*Sir B.* Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities : have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

*Joseph S.* This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

*Maria.* Their malice is intolerable. [*Goes up.*]

*Mrs. C.* O dear ! she changes colour very much. [*Whispered.*]

*Lady S.* Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her : she may want your assistance. [*Whispered.*]

*Mrs. C.* That I will, with all my soul.—Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be ! [*Goes up.*]

*Lady S.* 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

*Sir B.* The young lady's *penchant* is obvious.

*Crab.* But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that : follow her, and put her in good humour. Aye, 'fore Gad, repeat to her some of your verses ;—by the by, your epigram on Lady Betty's ponies.

*Lady S. (R.)* Yes, do ; let us all hear it.

*Joseph S.* Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

*Sir B.* O plague on't, uncle ! 'tis mere nonsense.

*Crab.* No no ; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore !

Maria turns in indignation. Sir B. pokes Crabtree in the side with cane. Crabtree chuckles. General laugh.

All look after Maria.

Lady S. goes up to meet other guests, who arrive at the back ; others follow at intervals.



*Sir B.* (R. c.) But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricule was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which I took out my pocketbook, and in one moment produced the following:

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;  
Other horses are clowns, but these maccaronies:  
To give them this title I'm sure is not wrong,  
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

*Crab.* There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

*Joseph S.* (R.) A very Phœbus, mounted—indeed, Sir Benjamin.

*Sir B.* O dear, sir! trifles—trifles.

*Enter LADY TEAZLE, C. R.*

*Mrs. C.* I must have a copy.

*Lady S.* Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

*Lady T.* I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

*Lady S.* Maria, my dear, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

*Maria.* I take very little pleasure in cards—however, I'll do as your ladyship pleases.

[Retires up c. with *Lady Sneerwell* and *Surface*. The guests of the evening begin to arrive at the back, and enter at intervals.]

*Mrs. C.* [They all advance.] Now, I'll die, but you are all so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

*Lady T.* What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

*Mrs. C.* They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermilion to be handsome.

*Lady S.* [Comes down, L.] Oh, surely, she is a pretty woman.

*Crab.* I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

*Mrs. C.* She has a charming fresh colour.

*Lady T.* [Crosses, c.] Yes, when it is fresh put on.

*Mrs. C.* O fie! I'll swear her colour is natural: I have seen it come and go.

*Lady T.* I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

*Mrs. C.* Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely now, her sister *is*, or *was*, very handsome.

*Crab.* Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six and fifty if she's an hour!

*Mrs. C.* Now positively you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

. C., Sir B. and  
Teazle go up C.

y. S. meets  
Teazle C.,  
sighing on both  
sides.

*Sir B.* (R. C.) Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

*Lady S.* (L.) Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre caulks her wrinkles.

*Sir B.* Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill—but when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk is antique.

*Crab.* Ha! ha! ha! Well said, nephew!

[*Music.* Servants give the characters coffee, &c. and wait behind.]

*Mrs. C.* Ha! ha! ha! Well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

*Sir B.* Why, she has very pretty teeth.

*Lady T.* Yes, and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always ajar, as it were,—thus. [Shows her teeth.]

*Mrs. C.* How can you be so ill-natured?

*Lady T.* Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were,—thus—*How do you do, madam? Yes, madam.* [Mimics.]

*Lady S.* Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

*Lady T.* In defence of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

[Crosses L.]

*Servant announces.*—Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE, C. R.

*Sir P.* Ladies, your most obedient. Mercy on me! here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose.

[Aside.]

*Mrs. C.* I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious—they'll allow good qualities to nobody.

*Sir P.* That must be very distressing to you, indeed, Mrs. Candour.

*Mrs. C.* Not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

*Lady T.* (L. C.) What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

*Mrs. C.* Nay, but her bulk is her misfortune; and when she

Sir B. crosses to Lady S. as he speaks to her. He goes R. at the end of the speech.

Lady S. crosses to Lady T.

Sir Peter crosses to Mrs. C.

takes such pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

*Lady S.* That's very true, indeed.

*Lady T.* Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pulleys; and often in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot. [x. c.]

Lady T. imitates  
fat woman riding.  
General laugh.

*Mrs. C.* I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

*Sir P.* Yes, a good defence truly!

*Mrs. C.* But Sir Benjamin is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

*Crab.* Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

*Mrs. C.* Positively, you shall not be so severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labours under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl at six and thirty.

*Lady S.* Though surely she is handsome still—and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candlelight, it is not to be wondered at.

*Mrs. C.* True, and then as to her manner; upon my word, I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education: for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

*Sir B.* Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

*Sir P.* Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! [x. l.] [Aside.]

*Sir B.* And Mrs. Candour is of so moral a turn.

*Mrs. C.* Well, I will never join ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle; and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

*Crab.* Oh, to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

*Sir B.* So she has, indeed—an Irish front.

*Crab.* Caledonian locks—

*Sir B.* Dutch nose—

*Crab.* Austrian lips—

*Sir B.* Complexion of a Spaniard—

*Crab.* And teeth à la *Chinois*—

*Sir B.* In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa—where no two guests are of a nation—

*Crab.* Or a congress at the close of a general war—wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different

interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

*Mrs. C.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir P.* Mercy on my life!—a person they dine with twice a week.

*Mrs. C.* Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so—for, give me leave to say, that Mrs. Ogle—

*Sir P.* [*Crosses to Mrs Candour.*] Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

*Lady S.* Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature,—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

*Sir P.* Ah! madam, true, wit is more nearly allied to good-nature than your ladyship is aware of.

*Lady T.* True, Sir Peter; I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

*Sir B.* Or rather, suppose them man and wife, because one so seldom sees them together.

*Lady T.* But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by parliament.

*Sir P.* 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, as well as game, I believe many would thank them for the bill:

*Lady S.* O Lud! Sir Peter; would you deprive us of our privileges?

*Sir P.* Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputation, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

*Lady S.* Go, you monster!

*Mrs. C.* But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

*Sir P.* Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

[*Servant enters c. and whispers Sir Peter.*]

*Crab.* Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

*Sir P.* [*To the Servant.*] I'll be with them directly.—I'll get away unperceived. [*Apart.*]

[*Aside.*]

[*Mrs. Candour turns up the stage.*]

Lady T. down L.  
of Sir Peter.

Lady T. goes up  
followed by Sir B.

Mrs. C. comes  
down.

Sir P. bows to  
Mrs. C. on the "dis-  
appointed widows"  
and to Lady S. on  
"qualified old  
maids."

[*Exit Servant, c.*]

*Lady S.* Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us just as the dance begins.

*Sir P.* Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me.

[*Exit Sir Peter, c.*]

*Sir B.* Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him that would make you laugh heartily, if he were not your husband.

*Lady T.* O, pray don't mind that;—why don't you?—Come, do let's hear them. [*Joins the rest of the company going into the next room c. Surface and Maria advance.*]

*Joseph S.* Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

*Maria.* (L.) How is it possible I should?—If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us, be the province of wit or humour, Heaven grant me a double portion of dulness!

*Joseph S.* (R.) Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are,—they have no malice at heart.

*Maria.* Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues, but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

*Joseph S.* But can you, Maria, feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone?—Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion?

*Maria.* Why will you distress me by renewing this subject?

*Joseph S.* Ah, Maria! you would not treat me thus, and oppose your guardian, Sir Peter's will, but that I see that profligate Charles is still a favoured rival.

*Maria.* Ungenerously urged!—But whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall not feel more bound to give him up, because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother. [*Crosses, r.*]

*Joseph S.* (L.) Nay, but Maria, do not leave me with a frown: by all that's honest, I swear—Gad's life, here's Lady Teazle!— [*Aside.*—You must not—no, you shall not—for, though I have the greatest regard for Lady Teazle—

*Maria.* Lady Teazle!

*Joseph S.* Yet, were Sir Peter to suspect—

*Enter LADY TEAZLE, L. C. L. and comes forward, c.*

*Lady T.* What is this, pray? Does he take her for me?—Child, you are wanted in the next room.— [*Exit MARIA, c. c.*]  
—What is all this, pray?

*Joseph S.* O, the most unlucky circumstance in nature! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I have for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint Sir Peter with her

Joseph kneels to Maria.

Joseph rises.

suspicious, and I was just endeavouring to reason with her when you came in.

*Lady T.* Indeed! but you seemed to adopt a very tender method of reasoning—do you usually argue on your knees?

*Joseph S.* O, she's a child, and I thought a little bombast—But, *Lady Teazle*, when are you to give me your judgment on my library, as you promised?

*Lady T.* No, no; I begin to think it would be imprudent, and you know I admit you as a lover no further than fashion requires.

*Joseph S.* True, a mere platonic *cicisbeo*—what every London wife is entitled to.

*Lady T.* Certainly, one must not be out of the fashion. However, I have so many of my country prejudices left, that, though Sir Peter's ill-humour may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to—

*Joseph S.* The only revenge in your power. Well—I applaud your moderation.

*Lady T.* Go—you are an insinuating wretch. [*Crosses, L.*]—But we shall be missed—let us join the company.

*Joseph S.* But we had better not return together.

*Lady T.* Well—don't stay; for Maria shan't come to hear any more of your reasoning, I promise you.

[*Lady Teazle goes up c. Music of Minuet.*  
*Joseph S.* A curious dilemma, truly, my politics have run me into! I wanted, at first, only to ingratiate myself with *Lady Teazle*, that she might not be my enemy with Maria; and I have, I don't know how, become her serious lover. Sincerely, I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many damned rogueries, that I doubt I shall be exposed at last.

[*Exit R. as Minuet begins.*

END OF ACT I.

Partners for minuet—Sir B. and Lady S., Crabtree and Mrs. Candour, Joseph and Lady T., Careless and Maria—Curtain falls at end of dance.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Sir Peter's House. A vast and elegant Saloon. Entrances R and L.*

*Enter LADY TEAZLE and SIR PETER, R.*

*Sir P.* *Lady Teazle*, *Lady Teazle*, I'll not bear it!

*Lady T.* (R.) *Sir Peter*, *Sir Peter*, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in every thing; and what's more, I will too. What! though I was educated in

*Sir P.* speaks off stage as they enter. He follows her.

the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

*Sir P. (L.)* Very well, ma'am, very well—so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

*Lady T.* Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

*Sir P.* Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

*Lady T.* My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house, and give a fête champêtre at Christmas.

*Lady T.* Lord, Sir Peter, am I to blame, because flowers are dear in cold weather! You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet! [x. L.]

*Sir P.* Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

*Lady T.* No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style:—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working.

*Lady T.* O yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led.—My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt book,—and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so, indeed.

*Lady T.* And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

[Crosses, R.]

*Sir P. (R.)* I am glad you have so good a memory.—Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered

End of this speech almost aside.

Affected astonishment while arranging her hat at mirror &c.

Lady T. sits R. of table L.

Lady T. rises.

footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach-horse.

*Lady T.* (R.) No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

*Sir P.* This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

*Lady T.* Well, then,—and there is but one thing more you can make me add to the obligation, and that is—

*Sir P.* My widow, I suppose?

*Lady T.* Hem! hem! (*Sits L.*)

*Sir P.* I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

*Lady T.* Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

*Sir P.* (L.) 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

*Lady T.* Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

*Sir P.* The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

*Lady T.* For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

*Sir P.* Ay—there again—taste—Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

*Lady T.* That's very true indeed, Sir Peter, [*Rise*] and after having married you I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily juggle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

*Sir P.* Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

*Lady T.* Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

*Sir P.* Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance: for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a burdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

*Lady T.* What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

*Lady T.* hides face behind fan.

*Lady T.* pats his cheek affectionately. He puts her hand away pettishly.

*Lady T.* laughs.

*Lady T.* pretends astonishment.



*Sir P.* Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

*Lady T. at mirror.* *Lady T.* Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

*Sir P.* Grace, indeed!

*Lady T.* But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse.—When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humour; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me.

*Sir P.* Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

*Lady T.* Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-by to ye. [*Exit Lady Teazle, L. D.*]

*Lady T. laughs and rns and in teasing manner makes an elaborate courtesy. Then laughs again.*

*Sir P.* So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation: yet, with what a charming air she contradicts every thing I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me.

*Enter ROWLEY, L. D.*

*Rowley carries hat and cane.*

*Rowley.* Oh! Sir Peter, your servant; how is it with you, sir?

*Sir P. (L.)* Very bad, master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

*Rowley. (R.)* What can have happened since yesterday?

*Sir P.* A good question to a married man!

*Rowley.* Nay, I'm sure, Sir Peter, your lady cannot be the cause of your uneasiness.

*Sir P.* Why, has anybody told you she was dead?

*Rowley.* Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

*Sir Peter crosses to C.*

*Sir P.* But the fault is entirely hers, master Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest tempered man alive, and hate a teazing temper: and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

*Rowley.* Indeed!

*Sir P.* Ay! and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong! But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete my vexations, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power of a father over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

*At end of speech P. crosses to L.*

*Rowley.* You know, sir, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honoured master, was, at his years, nearly as wild a spark; yet, when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

*Sir P.* You are wrong, master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's Eastern liberality gave them an early independence: of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the sentiments he professes; but for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend Sir Oliver will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

*Rowley.* I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

*Sir P.* What! let me hear.

*Rowley.* Sir Oliver *is* arrived, and at this moment in town. Indeed, he will be shortly with you.

*Sir P.* How you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

*Rowley.* I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick. He will make his first call on you.

*Sir P.* Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis sixteen years since we met.—We have had many a day together:—but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

*Rowley.* Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

*Sir P.* Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits—however, he shall have his way: but, pray, does he know I am married?

*Rowley.* Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

*Sir P.* What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption. Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together: but he has been steady to his text. Well, he must be at my house, though!—I'll instantly give orders for his reception. But, master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

*Rowley.* By no means.

*Sir P.* For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so

Sir P. very much  
irritated sits R. of  
table L.

Sir P. rises.

I'd have him think, Lord forgive me! that we are a very happy couple.

*Rowley.* I understand you:—but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

*Sir P.* Egad, and so we must—and that's impossible. Ah! master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves—no—the crime carries its punishment along with it.

*Enter SERVANT, L. D.*

*Ser.* Sir Oliver Surface, sir, is below, Sir Peter. [*Exit.*

*Row.* Come, let us go to him.

*Sir P.* No no, master Rowley, I'd never dare to face Noll at this moment. Go you and receive him till I can regain my composure. And, Rowley, break the news of my marriage infelicity to him gently. Take the edge of his ridicule upon yourself, so that when we meet his jests will be easier to bear. Go to him. [*Exit ROWLEY, L.*

*Sir P.* When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tiff a little going to church, and came to a quarrel before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours: yet, the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it. [*Exit Sir Peter, R.*

*Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE and ROWLEY, L. R.*

*Sir O. (R.)* Ha! ha! ha! So my old friend is married, hey? —a young wife out of the country—Ha! ha! ha! That he should have stood bluff to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last.

*Row. (L.)* But you must not rally him on the subject, Sir Oliver: 'tis a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

*Sir O.* Then he has been just half a year on the stool of repentance!—Poor Peter!—But you say he has entirely given up Charles,—never sees him, hey?

*Row.* His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure, greatly increased by a jealousy of him with Lady Teazle, which he has been industriously led into by a scandalous society in the neighbourhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles's ill

name. Whereas, the truth is, I believe, if the lady is partial to either of them, his brother is the favourite.

*Sir O. (R.)* Ay, I know there are a set of malicious, prating, impudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name, before he has years to know the value of it. But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you.—No, no,—if Charles has done nothing false or mean, I shall compound for his extravagance.

*Row. (R.)* Then, my life on't, you will reclaim him.—Ah, sir! it gives me new life to find that *your* heart is not turned against him; and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

*Sir O.* What, shall I forget, master Rowley, when I was at his years myself?—Egad, my brother and I were neither of us very prudent youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was.

*Row.* Sir, 'tis this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a credit to his family. But here comes Sir Peter.

*[Goes a little up.]*

*Sir O.* Egad, so he does.—Mercy on me!—he's greatly altered—and seems to have a settled married look! One may read *husband* in his face at this distance!

Rowley looks off R.

Sir O. looks off R.

*Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE, R.*

*Sir P. (R.)* Hah! Sir Oliver—my old friend! Welcome to England a thousand times!

*Sir O. (C.)* Thank you—thank you, Sir Peter! and i'faith I'm glad to find you well, believe me.

*Sir P. (R.)* Oh! 'tis a long time since we met—fifteen years, I doubt, Sir Oliver, and many a cross accident in the time.

*Sir O.* Ay, I have had my share.—But what! I find you are married, hey, my old boy?—Well, well—it can't be helped—and so—I wish you joy with all my heart.

*Sir P.* Thank you, thank you, Sir Oliver.—Yes, I have entered into—the happy state;—but we'll not talk of that now.

*Sir O.* True, true, Sir Peter: old friends should not begin on grievances at first meeting—no, no, no.—

*Row. (L.)* Take care, pray, sir.—

*Sir O.* Well—so one of my nephews is a wild rogue, I find, hey?

*Sir P.* Wild!—Ah! my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends; Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be. Every body in the world speaks well of him.

*Sir O.* I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to

Sir P. and Sir O. shake hands effusively, laughing. As soon as Sir O. says "married" Sir P. stops suddenly. Stops laughing.

be an honest fellow. Every body speaks well of him!—Pshaw! then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

*Sir P.* What, Sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies?

*Sir O.* Yes, if he has merit enough to deserve them.

*Sir P.* Well, well—you'll be convinced when you know him. 'Tis edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments.

*Sir O.* Oh! plague of his sentiments! If he salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly.—But, however, don't mistake me, Sir Peter; I don't mean to defend Charles's errors: but before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts; and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

*Row.* And Sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

*Sir P.* Oh! my life on Joseph's honour.

*Sir O.* And my life on the other. Odds my life! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little; for my part, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth; 'tis like ivy round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the tree.

*Sir P.* (c.) Well, well, but—this plan, master Rowley? I don't see the jet of your scheme.

*Row.* (R.) Why, sir, it is this: There is a certain Mr. Stanley, who is nearly related to them by their mother. He was once a merchant in Dublin, but has been ruined by a series of undeserved misfortunes. He has applied, by letter, since his confinement, both to Mr. Surface and Charles; from the former he has received nothing but evasive promises of future service, while Charles has done all that his extravagance has left him power to do; and he is, at this time, endeavouring to raise a sum of money, part of which, in the midst of his own distresses, I know he intends for the service of poor Stanley.

*Sir O.* (R.) Ah! he is my brother's son.

*Sir P.* Well, but how is Sir Oliver personally to—

*Row.* Why, sir, I will inform Charles and his brother that Stanley has obtained permission to apply personally to his friends, and as they have neither of them ever seen him, let Sir Oliver assume his character, and he will have a fair opportunity of judging, at least, of the benevolence of their dispositions; and believe me, sir, you will find in the youngest brother, one, who, in the midst of folly and dissipation, has still, as our immortal bard expresses it,—“a heart to pity, and a hand, open as day, for melting charity.”

[*Servant enters and whispers Rowley.*]

*Sir P.* Pshaw! What signifies his having an open hand or

purse either, when he has nothing left to give? Well, well—make the trial, if you please.

*Sir O.* But where is the fellow whom you brought for me to examine, relative to Charles's affairs?

*Row.* Below, waiting your commands, and no one can give you better intelligence. This, Sir Oliver, is a friendly Jew, who, to do him justice, has done every thing in his power to bring your nephew to a proper sense of his extravagance.

*Sir P.* Pray, let us have him in.

*Row.* Desire Mr. Moses to walk up stairs. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Sir P.* But pray, why should you suppose he will tell the truth?

*Row.* Oh! I have convinced him that he has no chance of recovering certain sums advanced to Charles, but through the bounty of Sir Oliver, who he knows is arrived; so that you may depend on his fidelity to his own interests: I have also another evidence in my power, one Snake, whom I have detected in a matter little short of forgery, and shall shortly produce to remove some of your prejudices, Sir Peter, relative to Charles and Lady Teazle.

*Sir P.* I have heard too much on that subject. [*Sits.*]

*Row.* Here comes the honest Israelite.—

*Enter MOSES, L. D.*

This is Sir Oliver.

*Sir O.* Sir, I understand you have lately had great dealings with my nephew, Charles.

*Moses.* [*Crosses to Sir O.*] Yes, Sir Oliver, I have done all I could for him; but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance.

*Sir O.* That was unlucky, truly; for you had no opportunity of showing your talents.

*Moses.* None at all; I hadn't the pleasure of knowing his distresses till he was some thousands worse than nothing.

*Sir O.* Unfortunate, indeed!—But I suppose you have done all in your power for him, honest Moses?

*Moses.* Yes, he knows that;—this very evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will, I believe, advance him some money.

*Sir P.* What, one Charles never had money from before?

*Moses.* Yes—Mr. Premium, of Crutched Friars, formerly a broker.

*Sir P.* [*Rises.*] Egad, Sir Oliver, a thought strikes me!—Charles, you say, does not know Mr. Premium?

*Moses.* Not at all.

*Sir P.* Now then, Sir Oliver, you may have a better oppor-

*Sir P. crosses C.*

tunity of satisfying yourself than by any old romancing tale of a poor relation : go with my friend Moses, and represent Premium, and then, I'll answer for it, you'll see your nephew in all his glory.

*Sir O.* Egad, I like this idea better than the other, and I may visit Joseph afterwards, as old Stanley.

*Sir P.* True—so you may.

*Row.* Well, this is taking Charles rather at a disadvantage, to be sure ;—however, Moses, you understand Sir Peter, and will be faithful ?

*Moses.* You may depend upon me ; [*Looks at his watch.*] this is near the time I was to have gone. [*Crosses L.*]

*Sir O.* I'll accompany you as soon as you please, Moses.—But hold ! I have forgot one thing—how the plague shall I be able to pass for a Jew ?

*Moses.* There's no need—the principal is Christian.

*Sir O.* Is he ? I'm very sorry to hear it. But then again, an't I rather too smartly dressed to look like a money lender ?

*Sir P.* Not at all ; 'twould not be out of character, if you went in your own carriage, would it, Moses ?

*Moses.* Not in the least.

*Sir O.* Well—but how must I talk ?—there's certainly some cant of usury and mode of treating that I ought to know.

*Sir P.* O ! there's not much to learn. The great point, as I take it, is to be exorbitant enough in your demands—hey, Moses ?

*Moses.* Yes, that's a very great point.

*Sir O.* I'll answer for't I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent. on the loan, at least.

*Moses.* If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.

*Sir O.* Hey !—what the plague !—how much then ?

*Moses.* That depends upon the circumstances. If he appears not very anxious for the supply, you should require only forty or fifty per cent. ; but if you find him in great distress, and want the moneys very bad, you may ask double.

*Sir P.* A good honest trade you're learning, Sir Oliver.

*Sir O.* Truly, I think so—and not unprofitable.

*Moses.* Then, you know, you hav'n't the moneys yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him from a friend.

*Sir O.* Oh ! I borrow it of a friend, do I ?

*Moses.* Yes ; and your friend is an unconscionable dog : but you can't help that.

*Sir O.* My friend an unconscionable dog, is he ?

*Moses.* Yes, and he himself has not the moneys by him, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss.

Sir O. crosses L.  
ter Moses, stopping  
C.

*Sir O.* He is forced to sell stock at a great loss, is he? Well, that's very kind of him.

*Sir P.* I' faith, Sir Oliver—Mr. Premium, I mean,—you'll soon be master of the trade.

*Sir O.* Moses shall give me further instructions as we go together.

*Sir P.* You will not have much time, for your nephew lives hard by.

*Sir O.* O! never fear: my tutor appears so able, that though Charles lived in the next street, it must be my own fault if I am not a complete rogue before I turn the corner.

[*Exeunt Sir Oliver Surface and Moses, L.*]

*Sir P.* So, now, I think Sir Oliver will be convinced: you are partial, Rowley, and would have prepared Charles for the other plot.

*Row.* No, upon my word, Sir Peter.

*Sir P.* Well, go bring me this Snake, and I'll hear what he has to say, presently.—I see Maria, and want to speak with her. [*Exit Rowley, L.*] I should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of Lady Teazle and Charles were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph—I am determined I will do it—he will give me his opinion sincerely.

Looking off L. and crossing.

*Enter MARIA, L.*

So, child, has Mr. Surface returned with you?

*Maria.* (L.) No, sir; he was engaged.

*Sir P.* (R.) Well, Maria, do you not reflect, the more you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves?

*Maria.* Indeed, Sir Peter, your frequent importunity on this subject distresses me extremely—you compel me to declare, that I know no man who has ever paid me a particular attention whom I would not prefer to Mr. Surface.

*Sir P.* So—here's perverseness!—No, no, Maria, 'tis Charles only whom you would prefer. 'Tis evident his vices and follies have won your heart.

*Maria.* This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him: I have heard enough to convince me that he is unworthy of my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable, if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

*Sir P.* Well, well, pity him as much as you please; but give your heart and hand to a worthy object.

*Maria.* Never to his brother.

[*Crosses, R.*]

*Sir P.* Go—perverse and obstinate! but take care, madam;



you have never yet known what the authority of a guardian is; don't compel me to inform you of it.

*Maria.* I can only say, you shall not have just reason. 'Tis true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound to regard you as his substitute; but I must cease to think you so when you would compel me to be miserable. [*Exit Maria, R.*]

*Sir P.* Was ever man so crossed as I am? Every thing conspiring to fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight, before her father, a hale and hearty man, died, on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter. [*Lady Teazle sings without.*] But here comes my helpmate! She appears in great good humour. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

Lady T. sings off stage. "I'll be no submissive wife."

*Enter LADY TEAZLE, R. D.*

*Lady T.* Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you hav'n't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humoured when I am not by.

*Sir P.* (L.) Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humoured at all times.

*Lady T.* (R.) I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

*Sir P.* Two hundred pounds! What, an't I to be in a good-humour without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i'faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it [*Gives her notes*]; but seal me a bond of repayment.

*Lady T.* O no—there—my note of hand will do as well.

[*Offering her hand.*]

*Sir P.* And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you:—but shall we always live thus, hey?

*Lady T.* If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

*Sir P.* Well—then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

*Lady T.* I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you—you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, and you were kind and attentive—

*Lady T.* Ay, so I was, and would always take your part,

Lady T. is in very gay humor. Sir P. receives her in same spirit.

Sir P. tries to kiss her lips.

Sir P. kisses her hand.

Lady T. tucks her hand under his arm and pats his hand with her fan.

when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

*Sir P.* Indeed!

*Lady T.* Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

*Sir P.* Thank you.

*Lady T.* And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

*Sir P.* And you prophesied right: and we shall now be the happiest couple—

*Lady T.* And never differ again? [*Both sit, c.*]

*Sir P.* No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you will recollect, my love, you always begin first.

*Lady T.* I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed, you always gave the provocation.

*Sir P.* Now see, my angel! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

*Lady T.* Then don't you begin it, my love!

*Sir P.* There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

*Lady T.* Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

*Sir P.* There! now you want to quarrel again.

*Lady T.* No, I am sure I don't:—but if you will be so peevish—

*Sir P.* There now! who begins first?

*Lady T.* Why you, to be sure. [*Both start up.*] I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper. [*x. L.*]

*Sir P.* No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

*Lady T.* Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

*Sir P.* Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

*Lady T.* You are a great bear, I am sure, to abuse my relations.

*Sir P.* Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more.

*Lady T.* So much the better.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest squires in the neighbourhood.

*Lady T.* And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old

*Sir P.* suddenly dropping her hand off his arm.

Bows a little stiffly.

Good-naturedly again.

*Lady T.* is very sweet at first. The quarrel should begin very piano and work up gradually.

dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

[*Crosses*, R.]

*Sir P.* Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

*Lady T.* No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who every body said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

[*Crosses*, L.]

*Sir P.* (L.) I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of every thing. I believe you capable of every thing that is bad.—Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam.—Yes, madam, *you* and Charles are—not without grounds.

*Lady T.* (R) Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

*Sir P.* Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please! Yes, madam, or a divorce!—I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

*Lady T.* Agreed! agreed!—And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple—and never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so bye—bye.

[*Exit*, L.]

*Sir P.* Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! but I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper.

[*Exit*, R.]

END OF ACT II.

### ACT III

SCENE: *The Picture Gallery at CHARLES SURFACE'S. Curtains in Arch at back concealing Dining-room.*

*Enter TRIP, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, and MOSES, R.*

*Trip.* Here, master Moses! if you'll stay a moment, I'll try whether—what's the gentleman's name?

*Sir O.* Mr. Moses, what is my name?

*Moses.* Mr. Premium.

*Trip.* Premium—very well.

[*Exit Trip, taking snuff behind curtain.*]

*Sir O.* (L.) To judge by the servants, one wouldn't believe the master was ruined. But what!—sure, this was my brother's house?

*Moses.* (R.) Yes, sir; Mr. Charles bought it of Mr. Joseph, with the furniture, pictures, &c, just as the old gentleman left it. Sir Peter thought it a piece of extravagance in him.

*Sir O.* In my mind, the other's economy in selling it to him was more reprehensible by half.

*Re-enter TRIP.*

*Trip.* My master says you must wait, gentlemen: he has company, and can't speak with you yet.

*Sir O.* If he knew who it was wanted to see him, perhaps he would not send such a message?

*Trip.* Yes, yes, sir: he knows you are here—I did not forget little Premium: no, no, no.

*Sir O.* Very well; and I pray, sir, what may be your name?

*Trip.* Trip, sir; my name is Trip, at your service.

*Sir O.* Well then, Mr. Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I guess?

*Trip.* Why, yes—here are three or four of us pass our time agreeably enough; but then our wages are sometimes a little in arrear—and not very great either—but fifty pounds a year, and find our own bags and bouquets. [*Crosses to Moses.*]

*Sir O.* Bags and bouquets! halters and bastinadoes! [*Aside.*]

*Trip.* And, *a-propos*, Moses—have you been able to get me that little bill discounted?

*Sir O.* Wants to raise money too!—mercy on me! Has his distresses, too, I warrant, like a lord, and affects creditors and duns. [*Aside.*]

*Moses.* (L.) 'Twas not to be done, indeed, Mr. Trip.

[*Gives Trip the note.*]

*Trip.* (c.) Good lack, you surprise me! My friend Brush has endorsed it, and I thought when he put his name at the back of a bill 'twas the same as cash.

*Moses.* No! 'twouldn't do.

*Trip.* A small sum—but twenty pounds. Hark'ee, Moses, do you think you couldn't get it me by way of annuity?

*Sir O.* (L.) An annuity! ha! ha! a footman raise money by way of annuity! Well done, luxury, egad! [*Aside.*]

*Moses.* Well, but you must insure your place.

*Trip.* O, with all my heart! I'll insure my place, and my life too, if you please.

*Sir O.* It's more than I would your neck. [*Aside.*]

*Moses.* But is there nothing you could deposit?

*Trip.* Why, nothing capital of my master's wardrobe has

dropped lately; [*Bell rings*, R.] but I could give you a mortgage on some of his winter clothes, with equity of redemption before November—or you shall have the reversion of the French velvet, or a post-obit on the blue and silver: [*Bell rings*, R.] these, I should think, Moses, with a few pair of point ruffles, as a collateral security.—[*Bell rings*, R.]—Egad, [*Crosses*, R.] I heard the bell! I believe, gentlemen, I can now introduce you. Don't forget the annuity, little Moses! This way, gentlemen. I'll insure my place, you know. [*Opens door*, R.]

*Sir O.* If the man be a shadow of the master, this is the temple of dissipation indeed! [*Exeunt*, R.]

*Trip returns and draws the curtains at back, discovering CHARLES SURFACE, CARELESS, SIR HARRY, &c., at a table. All rise and come forward. Servants bring wine and serve it. Trip exit, R.*

*Charles S.* 'Fore heaven, 'tis true!—there's the great degeneracy of the age. Many of our acquaintance have taste, spirit, and politeness; but, plague on't, they won't drink wine.

*Care.* It is so indeed, Charles! they give into all the substantial luxuries of the table, and abstain from nothing but wine and wit. O, certainly society suffers by it intolerably: for now, instead of the social spirit of raillery that used to mantle over a glass of bright Burgundy, their conversation is become just like the Spa water they drink, which has all the pertness and flatulency of Champagne, without its spirit or flavour.

*Sir H.* [*Seated L.*] But what are they to do who love play better than wine?

*Care.* (R.) True! there's Sir Harry diets himself for gaming, and is now under a hazard regimen.

*Charles S.* Then he'll have the worst of it. What! you wouldn't train a horse for the course by keeping him from corn? For my part, egad! I am never so successful as when I am a little merry: let me throw on a bottle of Champagne, and I never lose.

*All.* Hey, what?

*Charles S.* At least, I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing.

*Care.* Ay, that I believe.

*Charles S.* And then, what man can pretend to be a believer in love, who is an abjurer of wine? 'Tis the test by which the lover knows his own heart. Fill a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats at the top is the maid that has bewitched you.

*Care.* Now then, Charles, be honest, and give us your real favourite.

*Charles S.* Why, I have withheld her only in compassion to you. If I toast her, you must give a round of her peers, which is impossible—on earth.

*Care.* Oh! then we'll find some canonized vestals, or heathen goddesses that will do, I warrant.

*Charles S.* Here then, bumpers, you rogues! bumpers! Maria! Maria!

*Sir H.* Maria who?

*Charles S.* Oh, damn the surname—'tis too formal to be registered in Love's calendar;—Maria!

*All.* Maria!

[*They drink.*

*Charles S.* But now, Sir Harry, beware, we must have beauty superlative.

*Care.* Nay, never study, Sir Harry: we'll stand to the toast, though your mistress should want an eye, and you know you have a song will excuse you.

*Sir H.* Egad, so I have! and I'll give him the song instead of the lady.

## SONG.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;  
Here's to the widow of fifty;  
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,  
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

*Chorus.* Let the toast pass,—  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;  
Now to the maid who has none, sir:  
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,  
And here's to the nymph with but *one*, sir.

*Chorus.* Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;  
Now to her that's as brown as a berry:  
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,  
And now to the damsel that's merry.

*Chorus.* Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,  
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;  
So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,  
And let us e'en toast them together.

*Chorus.* Let the toast pass, &c.

*All.* Bravo! Bravo!

*Enter* TRIP, R., *and whispers* CHARLES SURFACE.

*Charles S.* [*Ri es.*] Gentlemen, you must excuse me a little.

*Care.* Nay, prithee, Charles, what now? This is one of your peerless beauties, I suppose, has dropt in by chance?

*Charles S.* No, faith! To tell the truth, 'tis a Jew and a broker, who are come by appointment.

*Care.* O damn it! let's have the Jew in.

*Sir H.* Ay, and the broker too, by all means.

*Care.* Yes, yes, the Jew and the broker.

*Charles S.* Egad, with all my heart! Trip, bid the gentlemen walk in—[*Exit Trip, R.*—though there's one of them a stranger, I can assure you.

*Care.* Charles, let us give them some generous Burgundy, and perhaps they'll grow conscientious.

*Charles S.* O hang'em, no! wine does but draw forth a man's natural qualities; and to make them drink would only be to whet their knavery.

*Enter TRIP, MOSES, and SIR OLIVER SURFACE, R.*

*They cross to L.*

*Charles S.* So, honest Moses, walk in; walk in, pray, Mr. Premium—that's the gentleman's name; isn't it, Moses?

*Moses.* Yes, sir.

*Charles S.* Set chairs, Trip—sit down, Mr. Premium—glasses, Trip—sit down, Moses. [*They sit to L.*] Come, Mr. Premium, I'll give you a sentiment; here's *Success to usury!*—Moses, fill the gentleman a bumper.

*Moses.* *Success to usury!*

*Care.* Right, Moses—usury is prudence and industry, and deserves to succeed.

*Sir O.* Then—*here's all the success it deserves!*

*Care.* [*Rising, and coming forward.*] No, no, that won't do! Mr. Premium; you have demurred at the toast, and must drink it in a pint bumper.

*Sir H.* A pint bumper, at least.

*Moses.* O pray, sir, consider—Mr. Premium's a gentleman.

*Care.* And therefore loves good wine.

*Sir H.* Give Moses a quart glass—this is mutiny, and a high contempt for the chair.

*Charles S.* No, hang it, you shan't! Mr. Premium's a stranger.

*Care.* Plague on 'em, then, if they won't drink! Come, Harry, the dice are in the next room. Charles, you'll join us when you have finished your business with the gentlemen?

*Charles S.* I will! I will! [*Exeunt all the gentlemen through arch.*] Careless?

*Care.* [*Returning.*] Well!

*Charles S.* Perhaps I may want you.

*Sir H. coming forward.*

*Careless taking Sir Harry's arm and going up C.*

*Care.* O, you know I am always ready: word or bond, 'tis all the same to me.

*Moses.* Sir, this is Mr. Premium, a gentleman of the strictest honour and secrecy; and always performs what he undertakes. Mr. Premium, this is—

*Charles S.* [*Putting Moses across to L.*] Pshaw! have done.—Sir, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression: he'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow, who want money to borrow—you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who has got money to lend.—I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without farther ceremony.

*Sir O.* Exceeding frank, upon my word.—I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

*Charles S.* Oh no, sir; plain dealing in business I always think best.

*Sir O.* Sir, I like you the better for it—however, you are mistaken in one thing; I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend; but then he's an unconscionable dog; isn't he, Moses? And must sell stock to accommodate you—mustn't he, Moses?

*Moses.* Yes, indeed! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie!

*Charles S.* Right. People that speak truth generally do: but these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for't!

*Sir O.* Well—but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

*Charles S.* Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window!

*Sir O.* Nor any stock, I presume?

*Charles S.* Nothing but live stock—and that's only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connexions?

*Sir O.* Why, to say truth, I am.

*Charles S.* Then you must know that I have a dev'lish rich uncle in the East Indies, Sir Oliver Surface, from whom I have the greatest expectations.

*Sir O.* That you have a rich uncle I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out, is more, I believe, than you can tell.

*Charles S.* O no, there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a



prodigious favourite, and that he talks of leaving me every thing.

*Sir O.* Indeed! this is the first I've heard of it.

*Charles S.* Yes, yes, 'tis just so—Moses knows 'tis true; don't you, Moses?

*Sir O.* Egad, they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal.

*Charles S.* [*Aside.* *Rises.*] Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if it's agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life: though at the same time, the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word, I should be sorry to hear any thing had happened to him.

*Sir O.* Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me—for I might live to a hundred, and never see the principal.

*Charles S.* O, yes, you would—the moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

*Sir O.* Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

*Charles S.* What! I suppose you're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?

*Sir O.* No, indeed, I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

*Charles S.* There again, now, you are misinformed. No no, the climate has hurt him considerably, poor uncle Oliver! Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I'm told—and is so much altered lately, that his nearest relations would not know him!

*Sir O.* No! Ha! ha! ha! so much altered lately, that his nearest relations would not know him! ha! ha! ha! egad—Ha! ha! ha!

*Charles S.* Ha! ha!—you're glad to hear that, little Premium?

*Sir O.* No, no, I'm not.

*Charles S.* Yes, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha!—You know that mends your chance.

*Sir O.* But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming over?—nay, some say he is actually arrived?

*Charles S.* Pshaw? Sure I must know better than you whether he's come or not. No, no; rely on't, he's at this moment at Calcutta—isn't he, Moses?

*Moses.* O yes, certainly.

*Sir O.* Very true, as you say, you must know better than I, though I have it from pretty good authority—hav'n't I, Moses?

*Moses.* (L.) Yes, most undoubted!

*Sir O.* (R.) But, sir, as I understand, you want a few hundreds immediately—is there nothing you could dispose of?

*Charles S.* (C.) How do you mean?

*Sir O.* For instance, now, I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate?

*Charles S.* O Lud!—that's gone long ago.—Moses can tell you how better than I can.

*Sir O.* Good lack! all the family race cups and corporation bowls. [*Aside.*]—Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and complete.

*Charles S.* Yes, yes, so it was—vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself. [*Crosses, R.*]

*Sir O.* (C.) Mercy upon me! Learning that had run in the family like an heir-loom! [*Aside.*] Pray, what are become of the books?

*Charles S.* (R.) You must inquire of the auctioneer, master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

*Moses.* I know nothing of books.

*Sir O.* So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

*Charles S.* Not much indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above, and if you have a taste for old paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain.

*Sir O.* Hey! what the devil? Sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

*Charles S.* Every man of them, to the best bidder.

*Sir O.* What! your great uncles and aunts?

*Charles S.* Ay, and my great grandfathers and grandmothers too.

*Sir O.* Now I give him up. [*Aside.*] What the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Odd's life, do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

*Charles S.* Nay, my little broker, don't be angry; what need you care if you have your money's worth?

*Sir O.* Well, I'll be the purchaser: I think I can dispose of the family canvas. Oh, I'll never forgive him this! never!

[*Aside.*]

*Enter CARELESS from arch.*

*Care.* Come, Charles, what keeps you?

*Charles S.* I can't come yet: i'faith, we are going to have a sale above stairs: here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors.

*Care.* O, burn your ancestors!

*Charles S.* No, he may do that afterwards, if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer.

*Care.* Oh, have with you, if that's the case. I can handle a hammer as well as a dice-box! Going! going!

*Sir O.* Oh, the profligates!

[*Aside.*

*Charles S.* Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

*Sir O.* O yes, I do vastly. Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction—ha! ha!—O the prodigal!

[*Aside.*

*Charles S.* To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance if he can't make free with his own relations?

*Sir O.* I'll never forgive him: never! never!

*Charles S.* (R) Look around you, gentlemen; look about you—here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the conquest.

*Sir O.* (R. c.) And in my opinion, a goodly collection.

*Charles S.* Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting;—no *volontier grace* or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original, and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

*Sir O.* Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

*Charles S.* I hope not.—Well, you see, master Premium, what a domestic character I am: here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family.—But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

[*Brings chair forward, c.*

*Care.* Ay, ay, this will do.—But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

*Charles S.* Egad, that's true. [*Taking pedigree down from r.*] What parchment have we here?—O, our genealogy in full. Here, Careless,—you shall have no common bit of mahogany; here's the family tree for you, you rogue,—this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

*Sir O.* (L.) What an unnatural rogue!—an *ex post facto* parricide!

[*Aside.*

*Care.* Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation indeed; faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have

found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain.—Come, begin—A-going, a-going, a-going!

*Charles S.* Bravo, Careless!—Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet.—What say you, Mr. Premium?—look at him—there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipt captains are, but enveloped in wigs and regimentals, as a general should be.—What do you bid?

*Sir O.* [*Aside to Moses.*] Bid him speak.

*Moses.* Mr. Premium would have *you* speak.

*Charles S.* Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff officer.

*Sir O.* Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! [*Aside.*]—Very well, sir, I take him at that.

*Charles S.* Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah, done by Kneller in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness.—There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock.—You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

*Sir O.* Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! [*Aside.*]—Five pounds ten—she's mine.

*Charles S.* Knock down my aunt Deborah, Careless!—This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit.—What do you rate him at, Moses?

*Moses.* Four guineas.

*Charles S.* Four guineas!—Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig.—Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

*Sir O.* By all means.

*Care.* Gone!

*Charles S.* And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

*Sir O.* That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

*Care.* Well said, little Premium!—I'll knock them down at forty.

*Charles S.* Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

*Sir O.* No, no: six will do for the mayor.

*Charles S.* Come, make it guineas, and I throw the two aldermen there into the bargain.

*Sir O.* They're mine.

*Charles S.* Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen.—But, plague on't, we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds, and take all that remains on each side in a lump.

*Care.* Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

*Sir O.* Well, well, any thing to accommodate you;—they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

*Care.* [Having put the chair away, comes forward, L.] What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

*Sir O.* Yes, yes, I mean that, though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow by any means.

*Charles S.* What, that?—Oh! that's my uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India.

*Care.* Your uncle Oliver?—Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium? [Slapping him on the shoulder.]

*Sir O.* Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive;—but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

*Charles S.* No, hang it; I'll never part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

*Sir O.* (L.) The rogue's my nephew after all! [Aside.]—But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

*Charles S.* (R.) I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it.—Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

*Sir O.* I forgive him everything! [Aside.]—But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

*Charles S.* Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

*Sir O.* How like his father the dog is! [Aside.]—Well, well, I have done.—I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a resemblance—[Aside.]—Here is a draft for your sum. [Taking it out of his pocket book.]

*Charles S.* Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds.

*Sir O.* You will not let Sir Oliver go?

*Charles S.* Zounds! no!—I tell you once more.

*Sir O.* Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that.

another time—but give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg your pardon, sir, for being so free.—Come, Moses. [Crosses, R.

*Charles S. (L.)* Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow! But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

*Sir O. (L.)* Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

*Charles S.* But hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

*Sir O.* I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

*Charles S.* Ay, all but the little nabob.

*Sir O.* You're fixed on that?

*Charles S.* Peremptorily.

*Sir O.* A dear extravagant rogue! [Aside.]—Good-day!—Come, Moses.——Let me hear now who dares call him profligate!

[Exit Sir Oliver Surface and Moses, R.

*Care.* Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with.

*Charles S.* Egad, he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how the devil Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow.—But hark! here's Rowley; do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

Knock at street-door off stage.

*Care. (R.)* I will—don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

*Charles S. (L.)* Very true, and paying them is only encouraging them. Ay, ay, never fear. [Exit Careless.]—So! this was an odd fellow indeed.——Let me see—two-thirds of this, five hundred and thirty odd pounds, are mine by right. 'Fore Heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for!—Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.——

*Enter ROWLEY, R.*

Hah! old Rowley! egad, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

*Row. (L.)* Yes, I heard they were a going. But I wonder you can have such spirits under so many distresses.

*Charles S.* Why, there's the point! my distresses are so many, that I can't afford to part with my spirits; but I shall be rich and splenetic, all in good time. However, I suppose you are surprised that I am not sorrowful at parting with so many near relations; to be sure, 'tis very affecting: but you see they never move a muscle, so why should I?

*Row.* There's no making you serious a moment.

*Charles S.* Yes, faith, I am so now. Here, my honest Rowley, here, get me this changed directly, and take a hundred pounds of it immediately to old Stanley.

*Row.* A hundred pounds! Consider only—

*Charles S.* Gad's life, don't talk about it; poor Stanley's wants are pressing, and if you don't make haste, we shall have some one call that has a better right to the money.

*Row.* Ah! there's the point! I will never cease dunning you with the old proverb—

*Charles S.* 'Be just before you're generous.'—Why, -so I would if I could; but Justice is an old hobbling beldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity, for the soul of me.

*Row.* Yet, Charles, believe me, one hour's reflection—

*Charles S.* Ay, ay, it's very true; but hark'ee, Rowley, while I have, by heaven I'll give; so damn your economy, and away to old Stanley with the money.

[*Exeunt Charles. Rowley going, meets MOSES, R., and SIR OLIVER SURFACE, who enter.*]

*Sir O.* O, here's Rowley.

*Row.* (L.) So, Sir Oliver, I find you have made a purchase—

*Sir O.* (c.) Yes, yes, our young rake has parted with his ancestors like old tapestry.

*Row.* And here has he commissioned me to re-deliver you part of the purchase money—I mean, though, in your necessitous character of old Stanley.

*Moses.* (R.) Ah! there's the pity of all; he is so damned charitable.

*Row.* And I left a hosier and two tailors in the hall, who, I'm sure, won't be paid, and this hundred would satisfy them.

*Sir O.* Well, well, I'll pay his debts, and his benevolence too.—But now I am no more a broker, and you shall introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

*Row.* Not yet awhile; Sir Peter, I know, meant to call there about this time.

*Enter TRIP from dining-room.*

*Trip.* O, gentlemen, I beg pardon for not showing you out; this way—[*Crosses, R.*]—Moses, a word.

[*Exeunt Trip and Moses, R.*]

*Sir O.* (L.) There's a fellow for you—would you believe it, that puppy intercepted the Jew on our coming, and wanted to raise money before he got to his master.

*Row.* (R.) Indeed!

*Sir O.* Yes, they are now planning an annuity business. Ah! master Rowley, in my days servants were content with the fol-

lies of their masters, when they were worn a little thread-bare ; but now, they have their vices, like their birth-day clothes, with the gloss on. [L.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE : JOSEPH SURFACE'S *library*. *Servant discovered at fire.*  
*Enter Joseph.* *Goes to table ; looks over some letters.*

*Jos.* No letter from Lady Teazle ?

*Serv.* No, sir.

*Jos.* I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. [*Knocking.*]

*Serv.* Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

*Jos.* Hold. See whether 'tis or not. I have a particular message for you if 'tis my brother. [*Exit Serv.*] Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet I hope I may not lose the heirress through the scrape I've drawn myself into with the wife. However, Charles's imprudence and bad character are great points in my favour.

*Enter SERV., L.*

*Serv.* Mr. Stanley, sir.

*Jos.* Don't admit him.

*Serv.* Sir, I should not have let him in, but that Mr. Rowley came to the door with him.

*Joseph S.* Pshaw ! blockhead ! to suppose that I should now be in a temper to receive visits from poor relations !—Well, why don't you show the fellow up ? [*Exit Servant, L.*]—Sure Fortune never played a man of my policy such a trick before. My character with Sir Peter, my hopes with Maria destroyed in a moment ! I'm in a rare humour to listen to other people's distresses ? I shan't be able to bestow even a benevolent sentiment on old Stanley. I must try to put a little charity into my face, however.

*Enter SIR OLIVER.*

*Sir O.* I don't like the complaisance of his features.

*Joseph S.* Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons for keeping you a moment waiting—Mr. Stanley, I presume.

*Sir O. (L.)* At your service.

*Joseph.* Sir, I beg you will do me the honour to sit down—I entreat you, sir !

*Sir O.* Dear sir—there's no occasion—too civil by half !

[*Aside. Sitting, R.*]



*Joseph.* I have not the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Stanley, but I am extremely happy to see you look so well. You were nearly related to my mother, Mr. Stanley, I think?

*Sir O.* I was, sir;—so nearly that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her wealthy children, else I should not have presumed to trouble you.

*Joseph.* Dear sir, there needs no apology:—he that is in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy. I am sure I wish I was one of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief.

*Sir O.* If your uncle, Sir Oliver, were here, I should have a friend.

*Joseph.* I wish he was, sir, with all my heart: you should not want an advocate with him, believe me, sir.

*Sir O.* I should not need one—my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his bounty would enable you to become the agent of his charity.

*Joseph.* My dear sir, you were strangely misinformed. Sir Oliver is a worthy man, a very worthy man; but avarice, Mr. Stanley, is the vice of age. I will tell you, my good sir, in confidence, what he has done for me has been a mere nothing, though people, I know, have thought otherwise; and for my part, I never chose to contradict the report.

*Sir O.* What! has he never transmitted you bullion—rupees—pagodas?

*Joseph.* O dear sir, nothing of the kind:—No, no—a few presents now and then—china, shawls, congou tea, avadavats, and Indian crackers—little more, believe me.

*Sir O.* Here's gratitude for twelve thousand pounds!—Avadavats and Indian crackers.

[*Aside.*]

*Joseph.* (x.) Then, my dear sir, you have heard, I doubt not, of the extravagance of my brother: there are few would credit what I have done for that unfortunate young man.

*Sir O.* (L.) Not I, for one!

[*Aside.*]

*Joseph.* The sums that I have lent him!—Indeed, I have been exceedingly to blame; it was an amiable weakness: however, I don't pretend to defend it—and now I feel it doubly culpable, since it has deprived me of the pleasure of serving you, Mr. Stanley, as my heart dictates.

[*Rises, puts chair back.*]

*Sir O.* Dissembler! [*Aside.*]—Then, sir, you can't assist me?

*Joseph.* At present, it grieves me to say, I cannot; but whenever I have the ability, you may depend upon hearing from me.

*Sir O.* I am extremely sorry—

*Joseph.* Not more than I, believe me;—to pity without the power to relieve, is still more painful than to ask and be denied.

*Sir O.* Kind sir, your most obedient humble servant. x. L.

*Joseph.* You leave me deeply affected, Mr. Stanley. William, be ready to open the door.

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

*Sir O.* O, dear sir, no ceremony.

*Joseph.* Your very obedient.

*Sir O.* Sir, your most obsequious.

*Joseph.* You may depend upon hearing from me, whenever I can be of service.

*Sir O.* Sweet sir, you are too good!

*Joseph.* In the mean time, I wish you health and spirits.

*Sir O.* Your ever grateful and perpetual humble servant.

*Joseph.* Sir, yours as sincerely.

*Sir O.* Now I am satisfied. [*Aside.*] Charles, you are my heir.

[*Exit, L.*]

*Joseph.* This is one bad effect of a good character; it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address to gain the reputation of benevolence without incurring the expense. [*Knocking.*]

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

*Serv.* 'Tis her ladyship, sir; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

*Joseph S.* Stay, stay; draw that screen before the window—[*Servant does so*—that will do;—my opposite neighbour is a lady of a curious temper.—[*Servant exit.*—I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into the secret,—at least, till I have her more in my power.

*Enter LADY TEAZLE, L.*

*Lady T.* What, sentiment in soliloquy now? Have you been very impatient?—O Lud! don't pretend to look grave.—I vow I couldn't come before. [*Crosses, R.*]

*Joseph S. (L.)* O, madam, punctuality is a species of constancy, very unfashionable in a lady of quality.

[*Places chairs, and sits after Lady Teazle is seated.*]

*Lady T. (R.)* Upon my word, you ought to pity me. Do you know Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too—that's the best of the story, isn't it?

*Joseph S.* I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. [*Aside.*]

*Lady T.* I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced; don't you, Mr. Surface?

*Joseph S.* Indeed I do not. [*Aside.*—Oh, certainly I do! for then my dear Lady Teazle would be also convince'd how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

*Lady T.* Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it

provoking, to have the most ill-natured things said of one!—And there's my friend, Lady Sneerwell, has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too—that's what vexes me.

*Joseph S.* Ay, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance—without foundation; yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for when a scandalous tale is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

*Lady T.* No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of any body—that is, of any friend; and then Sir Peter too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart—indeed, 'tis monstrous!

*Joseph S.* But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honour of her sex to endeavour to outwit him.

*Lady T.* Indeed!—so that if he suspects me without cause, it follows, that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't.

*Joseph S.* Undoubtedly—for your husband should never be deceived in you,—and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

*Lady T.* To be sure, what you say is very reasonable; and when the consciousness of my innocence—

*Joseph S.* Ah! my dear madam, there is the great mistake: 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion?—why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences?—why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous at his suspicions?—why, the consciousness of your innocence.

*Lady T.* 'Tis very true!

*Joseph S.* Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humour and agree with your husband.

*Lady T.* Do you think so?

*Joseph S.* Oh! I am sure on't, and then you would find all scandal would cease at once; for, in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

*Lady T.* So, so; then I perceive your prescription is that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation.

*Joseph S.* Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

*Lady T.* Well, certainly, this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny!

*Joseph S.* An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

*Lady T.* Why, if my understanding were once convinced—

*Joseph S.* Oh, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced.—Yes, yes—h-aven forbid I should persuade you to do any thing you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honour to desire it.

*Lady T.* Don't you think we may as well leave *honour* out of the argument? [Rises, x. L.]

*Joseph S.* Ah! the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you. [Rises.]

*Lady T.* I doubt they do indeed; and I will fairly own to you, that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill usage, sooner than your *honourable logic*, after all.

*Joseph S.* Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of—  
[Taking her hand.]

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

'Sdeath, you blockhead—what do you want?

*Serv.* I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

*Joseph S.* Sir Peter!—Oons—the devil!

*Lady T.* Sir Peter! O Lud—I'm ruined—I'm ruined!

*Serv.* Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

*Lady T.* Oh! I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic—Oh! mercy, sir, he's on the stairs—I'll get behind here—and if ever I'm so imprudent again—

[Goes behind screen.]

*Joseph S.* Give me that book.

[Sits down, R. C. *Servant pretends to adjust his chair.*]

*Enter SIR PETER, L.*

*Sir P.* Ay, ever improving himself—Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface—  
[Taps Joseph on the shoulder.]

*Joseph S.* Oh! my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon—[*Gaping—throws away the book.*]—I have been dozing over a stupid book.—Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room.—Books, you know, are the only things I am a coxcomb in.

*Sir P.* 'Tis very neat indeed — Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge—hung, I perceive, with maps? [*Walking up towards screen.*]

*Joseph S.* O, yes, I find great use in that screen.

[*Turning Sir Peter from the screen, R.*]

*Sir P.* I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find any thing in a hurry.

*Joseph S.* Ay, or to hide any thing in a hurry either. [*Aside.*]

*Sir P.* Well, I have a little private business—

*Joseph S.* You need not stay. [*To the Servant who places chairs. Exit Servant, L.*] Here's a chair, Sir Peter—I beg—

*Sir P.* [*Sits, L.*] Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburthen my mind to you—a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my good friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me very unhappy.

*Joseph S.* [*Seated, R.*] Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

*Sir P.* Yes, 'tis but too plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

*Joseph S.* Indeed! you astonish me!

*Sir P.* Yes; and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

*Joseph S.* How! you alarm me exceedingly.

*Sir P.* Ay, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathise with me!

*Joseph S.* Yes—believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

*Sir P.* I am convinced of it.—Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?

*Joseph S.* I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite?

*Sir P.* Oh, no! What say you to Charles?

*Joseph S.* My brother! impossible!

*Sir P.* Oh! my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

*Joseph S.* Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

*Sir P.* True—but your brother has no sentiment—you never hear him talk so.

*Joseph S.* Yet, I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

*Sir P.* Ay,—but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow.

*Joseph S.* That's very true.

*Sir P.* And then, you know, the difference of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any very great affection for me; and, if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why, the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

*Joseph S.* That's true, to be sure—they would laugh.

*Sir P.* Laugh—ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what, of me.

*Joseph S.* No—you must never make it public.

*Sir P.* But then—that the nephew of my old friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.

*Joseph S.* Ay, there's the point.—When ingratitude bars the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

*Sir P.* Ay—I, that was, in a manner, left his guardian; in whose house he has been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him—any advice.

*Joseph S.* O, 'tis not to be credited. There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine—I disclaim kindred with him: for the man who can break through the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, serves to be branded as the pest of society.

*Sir P.* What a difference there is between you! what noble sentiments!

*Joseph S.* Yet I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honour.

*Sir P.* I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her; and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I was dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress in that respect, for the future; and if I were to die she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on.—By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune after my death.

*Joseph S.* This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous. —I wish it may not corrupt my pupil. [Aside.]

*Sir P.* Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

*Joseph S.* Nor I, if I could help it. [Aside.]

*Sir P. rises and moves about angrily.*

*Sir P. sits down again.*

*Sir P.* And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your hopes with Maria.

*Joseph S.* [*Softly.*]—O, no, Sir Peter; another time, if you please.

*Sir P.* I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

*Joseph S.* I beg you will not mention it, sir. What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate! [*Softly.*]—'Sdeath! I shall be ruined every way.

*Sir P.* And though you are so averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

*Joseph S.* Pray, Sir Peter, now, oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of, to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is entrusted with his friend's distresses can never—

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

Well, sir?

*Serv.* Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

*Joseph S.* [*Rises.*] 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within—I'm out for the day.

*Sir P.* [*Rises.*] Stay—hold—a thought has struck me—you shall be at home.

*Joseph S.* [*Crossing to Servant.*] Well, well, let him up. [*Exit Servant, L.*] He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however. [*Aside.*

*Sir P.* (R.) Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat you.—Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere—then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

*Joseph S.* O fie, Sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick?—To trepan my brother, too?

*Sir P.* Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity to clear himself, and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me: [*Going up*] here, behind this screen will be—Hey! what the devil! there seems to be one listener here already—I'll swear I saw a petticoat.

*Joseph S.* Ha! ha! ha! Well, this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet, you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph cipher! Hark'ee, 'tis a little French milliner—a silly rogue that plagues me,—and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

*Sir P.* goes to  
when Joseph steps  
between him and  
her, laughing  
heartily.

*Sir P.* Ah! Joseph! Joseph! Did I ever think that you—  
But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

*Joseph S.* O, 'twill never go farther, you may depend upon it.

*Sir P.* No! then, faith, let her hear it out—Here's a closet  
will do as well.

*Joseph S.* Well, go in there.

*Sir P.* Sly rogue! sly rogue! [*Going into the closet, R.*]

*Joseph S.* A narrow escape, indeed! and a curious situation  
I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

*Lady T.* [*Peeping.*]—Couldn't I steal off?

*Joseph S.* Keep close, my angel!

*Sir P.* [*Peeping out, R.*]—Joseph, tax him home.

*Joseph S.* Back, my dear friend!

*Lady T.* Couldn't you lock Sir Peter in?

*Joseph S.* Be still, my life!

*Sir P.* [*Peeping.*]—You're sure the little milliner won't blab?

*Joseph S.* In, in, my dear Sir Peter—Fore gad, I wish I had  
a key to the door.

Joseph drops into  
chair much relieved.

Joseph rises and  
goes to door of closet  
to close it.

*Enter CHARLES SURFACE, L.*

*Charles S.* Holla! brother, what has been the matter? Your  
fellow would not let me up at first. What! have you had a  
Jew or a girl with you?

*Joseph S.* (R.) Neither, brother, I assure you.

*Charles S.* (L.) But what has made Sir Peter steal off? I  
thought he had been with you.

*Joseph S.* He *was*, brother; but hearing you were coming, he  
did not choose to stay.

*Charles S.* What? was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to  
borrow money of him?

*Joseph S.* No, sir; but I am sorry to find, Charles, that you  
have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasi-  
ness.

*Charles S.* Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy  
men.—But how so, pray?

*Joseph S.* To be plain with you, brother—he thinks you are  
endeavouring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him!

*Charles S.* Who, I? O Luu! not I, upon my word.—Ha!  
ha! ha! ha! So the old fellow has found out that he has got  
a young wife, has he?

*Joseph S.* This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who  
can laugh——

*Charles S.* True, true, as you were going to say—then, seri-  
ously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with,  
upon my honour.



*Joseph S.* Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this.

*Charles S.* To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement:—besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

*Joseph S.* But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you—

*Charles S.* Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonourable action; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way—and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father—

*Joseph S.* Well—

*Charles S.* Why, I believe I should be obliged to—

*Joseph S.* What?

*Charles S.* To borrow a little of your morality, that's all.—But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly by naming *me* with Lady Teazle; for, 'faith, I always understood you were her favourite.

*Joseph S.* O, for shame, Charles! This retort is foolish.

*Charles S.* Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances—

*Joseph S.* Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

*Charles S.* Egad, I'm serious.—Don't you remember one day when I called here—

*Joseph S.* Nay, prythee, Charles—

*Charles S.* And found you together—

*Joseph S.* Zounds, sir! I insist—

*Charles S.* And another time, when your servant—

*Joseph S.* Brother, brother, a word with you! Gad, I must stop him. [Aside.]

*Charles S.* Informed, I say, that—

*Joseph S.* Hush! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter has heard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

*Charles S.* How, Sir Peter! Where is he?

*Joseph S.* Softly; there? [Poin's to the closet, R.]

*Charles S.* O, 'fore heaven, I'll have him out. Sir Peter, come forth! [Trying to get to the closet.]

*Joseph S.* No, no— [Preventing him.]

*Charles S.* I say, Sir Peter, 'come into court—[Crosses, R.; pulls in Sir Peter.]—What! my old guardian!—What! turn in-visitor, and take evidence incog? O, fie! O, fie!

*Sir P.* Give me your hand, Charles—I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph—'twas my plan!

*Charles S.* Indeed!

*Sir P.* But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did: what I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

*Charles S.* Egad, then 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more—wasn't it, Joseph? [*Apart to Joseph.*]

Poking Joseph in the side.

*Sir P.* Ah! you would have retorted on him.

*Charles S.* Ay, ay, that was a joke.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, I know his honour too well.

*Charles S.* But you might as well suspect *him* as *me* in this matter, for all that—mightn't he, Joseph? [*Apart to Joseph.*]

Poking Joseph in the side.

*Sir P.* Well, well, I believe you.

*Joseph S.* Would they were both out of the room! [*Aside.*]

*Sir P.* And in future, perhaps, we may not be such strangers.

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

*Serv.* Lady Sneerwell is below, and says she will come up.

*Joseph S.* Lady Sneerwell! Gad's life! she must not come here! [*Exit Servant, L.*] Gentlemen, I beg pardon—I must wait on you down stairs: here is a person come on particular business.

*Charles S.* Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met for a long time, and I have something to say to him.

*Joseph S.* They must not be left together. [*Aside.*] I'll send Lady Sneerwell away, and return directly.—Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner. [*Apart to Sir Peter, and goes out, L.*]

*Sir P.* [*Crossing to Joseph.*] I! not for the world!—[*Apart to Joseph.*]—Ah! Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment—Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment.

*Charles S.* Pshaw! he is too moral by half—and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that he would as soon let a priest into his house as a girl.

*Sir P.* No, no.—Come, come,—you wrong him.—No, no! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either, in that respect.—I have a great mind to tell him—we should have such a laugh at Joseph. [*Aside.*]

*Charles S.* Oh, hang him! He's a very anchorite, a young hermit.

*Sir P.* Hark'ee—you must not abuse him: he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

*Charles S.* Why, you won't tell him?

*Sir P.* No—but—this way. Egad, I'll tell him.—[*Aside*  
Hark'ee—have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

*Charles S.* I should like it of all things.

*Sir P.* Then, i'faith, we will—I'll be quit with him for dis-  
covering me.—He had a girl with him when I called. [*Whispers.*

*Charles S.* What! Joseph?—you jest.

*Sir P.* Hush!—a little French milliner—and the best of the  
jest is—she's in the room now.

*Charles S.* The devil she is! [*Looking at closet.*

*Sir P.* Hush! I tell you! [*Points to the screen.*

*Charles S.* Behind the screen! 'Slife, let us unveil.

*Sir P.* No, no—he's coming—you shan't, indeed!

*Charles S.* Oh, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner!

[*Endeavouring to get towards screen, Sir P. preventing.*

*Sir P.* Not for the world—Joseph will never forgive me—

*Charles S.* I'll stand by you—

*Sir P.* Odds, here he is! [*Joseph Surface enters, L. just as*  
*Charles Surface throws down the screen.*]

*Charles S.* (c.) Lady Teazle! by all that's wonderful

*Sir P.* (R.) Lady Teazle! by all that's damnable!

*Charles S.* Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French  
milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting  
yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of  
the secret.—Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a  
word!—Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter?  
What! is Morality dumb too?—Sir Peter, though I found you  
in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute!—Well—  
though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly  
understand one another—so I'll leave you to yourselves—[*Going.*]  
Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man  
grounds for so much uneasiness.—Sir Peter! there's nothing in  
the world so noble as a man of sentiment. [*Exit Charles, L.*  
*They stand for some time looking at each other.*

*Joseph S.* (L.) Sir Peter—notwithstanding—I confess—that  
appearances are against me—if you will afford me your pa-  
tience—I make no doubt—but I shall explain every thing to  
your satisfaction.

*Sir P.* (R.) If you please, sir.

*Joseph S.* The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle, knowing my pre-  
tensions to your ward Maria—I say, sir, Lady Teazle, being ap-  
prehensive of the jealousy of your temper—and knowing my  
friendship to the family—she, sir, I say—called here—in order  
that—I might explain these pretensions—but on your coming—  
being apprehensive—as I said—of your jealousy—she withdrew  
—and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the  
matter.

*Sir P.* A very clear account, upon my word ; and I dareswear the lady will vouch for every article of it.

*Lady T.* [*Coming forward, c.*] For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

*Sir P.* How! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie?

*Lady T.* There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

*Sir P.* I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

*Joseph S.* [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me?

*Lady T.* Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

*Sir P.* Ay, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you without prompting.

*Lady T.* Hear me, Sir Peter!—I came hither on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of the gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honour to his baseness.

*Sir P.* Now, I believe, the truth is coming, indeed!

*Joseph S.* The woman's mad!

*Lady T.* No, sir—she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means.—Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me—but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has so penetrated to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. [*Crosses to L.*] As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honourable addresses to his ward—I behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him.

[*Exit Lady Teazle, L.*]

*Joseph S.* Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows—

*Sir P.* [*Crosses, L.*] That you are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.

*Joseph S.* You are too rash, Sir Peter; you shall hear me.—The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to—

*Sir P.* O, damn your sentiments!

[*Exeunt Sir Peter and Surface, talking, L.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE.—*Sir Peter Teazle's House. As in Act 2d.*

*Enter MAID and MRS. CANDOUR, L.*

*Maid.* (R.) Indeed, ma'am, my lady will see nobody at present.

*Mrs. C.* (L.) Did you tell her it was her friend, Mrs. Candour?

*Maid.* Yes, ma'am; but she begs you will excuse her.

*Mrs. C.* Do go again,—I shall be glad to see her, if it be only for a moment, for I am sure she must be in great distress. [*Exit Maid, R.*] Dear heart, how provoking! I'm not mistress of half the circumstances! We shall have the whole affair in the newspapers, with the names of the parties at length, before I have dropped the story at a dozen houses.

*Enter SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, L. D.*

Oh, dear Sir Benjamin, you have heard, I suppose—

*Sir B.* (L.) Of Lady Teazle and Mr. Surface—

*Mrs. C.* (L.) And Sir Peter's discovery—

*Sir B.* O! the strangest piece of business, to be sure!

*Mrs. C.* Well, I never was so surprised in my life. I am sorry for all parties, indeed.

*Sir B.* Now, I don't pity Sir Peter at all: he was so extravagantly partial to Mr. Surface.

*Mrs. C.* Mr. Surface! Why, 'twas with Charles Lady Teazle was detected.

*Sir B.* No such thing, I tell you—Mr. Surface is the gallant.

*Mrs. C.* No, no, Charles is the man. 'Twas Mr. Surface brought Sir Peter on purpose to discover them.

*Sir B.* I tell you I had it from one—

*Mrs. C.* And I have it from one—

*Sir B.* Who had it from one, who had it—

*Mrs. C.* From one immediately—but here comes Lady Sneerwell; perhaps she knows the whole affair. [*Crosses, c.*]

*Enter LADY SNEERWELL, L. D.*

*Lady S.* So, my dear Mrs. Candour, here's a sad affair of our friend Teazle.

*Mrs. C.* (c.) Ay, my dear friend, who would have thought—

*Lady S.* (L.) Well, there is no trusting appearances; though, indeed, she was always too lively for me.

*Mrs. C.* To be sure, her manners were a little too free; but then she was so young!

*Lady S.* And had, indeed, some good qualities.

*Mrs. C.* So she had, indeed. But have you heard the particulars?

*Lady S.* No; but every body says that Mr. Surface—

*Sir B. (R.)* Ay, there; I told you Mr. Surface was the man.

*Mrs. C.* No, no:—indeed the assignation was with Charles.

*Lady S.* With Charles! you alarm me, Mrs. Candour.

*Mrs. C.* Yes, yes, he was the lover. Mr. Surface, to do him justice, was only the informer.

*Sir B.* Well, I'll not dispute with you, Mrs. Candour; but, be it which it may, I hope that Sir Peter's wound will not—

*Mrs. C.* Sir Peter's wound! O, mercy! I didn't hear a word of their fighting.

*Lady S.* Nor I, a syllable.

*Sir B.* No! what, no mention of the duel? [Crosses, c.

*Mrs. C. (R.)* Not a word. All sit.

*Sir B. (c.)* O, yes; they fought before they left the room.

*Lady S. (L.)* Pray, let us hear.

*Mrs. C.* Ay, do oblige us with the duel.

*Sir B.* "Sir," says Sir Peter, immediately after the discovery, "you are a most ungrateful fellow."

*Mrs. C.* Ay, to Charles—

*Sir B.* No, no, no—to Mr. Surface—"a most ungrateful fellow; and old as I am, sir," says he, "I insist on immediate satisfaction."

*Mrs. C.* Ay, that must have been to Charles; for 'tis very unlikely Mr. Surface should fight in his own house.

*Sir B.* Gad's life, ma'am, not at all—"Giving me immediate satisfaction." On this, ma'am, Lady Teazle, seeing Sir Peter in such danger, ran out of the room in strong hysterics, and Charles after her, calling out for hartshorn and water; then, madam, they began to fight with swords—

*Enter CRABTREE, L.; crosses L. C.*

*Crab.* With pistols, nephew—pistols; I have it from undoubted authority.

*Mrs. C.* [Crosses to Crabtree.] O, Mr. Crabtree, then it is all true?

*Crab. (L. c.)* Too true, indeed, madam, and Sir Peter is dangerously wounded—

*Sir B. (R.)* By a thrust in seagoon quite through his left side—

*Crab.* By a bullet lodged in the thorax.

*Mrs. C.* Mercy on me! Poor Sir Peter!

*Crab.* Yes, madam; though Charles would have avoided the matter, if he could.

*Mrs. C.* I told you who it was; I knew Charles was the person.

*Sir B.* My uncle, I see, knows nothing of the matter.

*Crab.* But Sir Peter taxed him with the basest ingratitude.

*Sir B.* That I told you, you know—

*Crab.* Do, nephew, let me speak!—and insisted on immediate—

*Sir B.* Satisfaction! Just as I said—

*Crab.* Odds life, nephew, allow others to know something too! A pair of pistols lay on the bureau, (for Mr. Surface, it seems, had come home the night before late from Salisbury, where he had been to see the Montem with a friend, who has a son at Eton,) so, unluckily, the pistols were left charged.

*Sir B.* I heard nothing of this.

*Crab.* Sir Peter forced Charles to take one; and they fired, it seems, pretty nearly together. Charles's shot took effect, as I tell you, and Sir Peter's missed; but, what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze Shakespeare that stood over the fire-place, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

*Sir B.* My uncle's account is more circumstantial, I confess; but I believe mine is the only true one, for all that.

*Lady S.* I am more interested in this affair than they imagine, and must have better information. [*Aside.*

[*Exit Lady Sneerwell, L. D.*

*Sir B.* Ah! Lady Sneerwell's alarm is very easily accounted for.

*Crab.* Yes, yes, they certainly do say—but that's neither here nor there.

*Mrs. C.* But, pray, where is Sir Peter at present?

*Crab.* Oh! they brought him home, and he is now in the house, though the servants are ordered to deny him.

*Mrs. C.* I believe so, and Lady Teazle, I suppose, attending him.

*Crab.* Yes, yes; and I saw one of the faculty enter just before me.

*Sir B.* Hey! who comes here?

*Crab.* O, this is he: the physician, depend on't.

*Mrs. C.* O, certainly: it must be the physician; and now we shall know.

*Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE, L. D.*

*Crab.* (R. C.) Well, doctor, what hopes?

"That I told you, you knew," is said to Mrs. C.

Sir B. crosses to r. abtree.

*Mrs. C.* (R.) Ay, doctor, how's your patient?

*Sir B.* Now, doctor, isn't it a wound with a small sword?

[*Coming down on Sir Oliver's L.*

*Crab.* A bullet lodged in the thorax, for a hundred.

*Sir O.* Doctor! a wound with a small sword! and a bullet in the thorax! Oons! are you mad, good people?

*Sir B.* (L.) Perhaps, sir, you are not a doctor?

*Sir O.* Truly, I am to thank you for my degree if I am.

*Crab.* Only a friend of Sir Peter's, then, I presume.—But, sir, you must have heard of his accident?

*Sir O.* Not a word!

*Crab.* Not of his being dangerously wounded?

*Sir O.* The devil he is!

*Sir B.* Run through the body—

*Crab.* Shot in the breast—

*Sir B.* By one Mr. Surface—

*Crab.* Ay, the younger.

*Sir O.* Hey! what the plague! you seem to differ strangely in your accounts: however, you agree that Sir Peter is dangerously wounded.

*Sir B.* O, yes, we agree in that. [Crosses behind to R.

*Crab.* Yes, yes, I believe there can be no doubt of that.

*Sir O.* Then, upon my word, for a person in that situation, he is the most imprudent man alive; for here he comes walking as if nothing at all was the matter.

*Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE, L.*

Odd's heart, Sir Peter, you are come in good time, I promise you; for we had just given you over.

*Sir B.* (R.) Egad, uncle, this is the most sudden recovery!

*Sir O.* (L. c.) Why, man, what do you out of bed with a small sword through your body, and a bullet lodged in your thorax?

*Sir P.* (L.) A small sword and a bullet?

*Sir O.* Ay, these gentlemen would have killed you without law or physic, and wanted to dub me doctor, to make me an accomplice.

*Sir P.* Why, what is all this?

*Sir B.* We rejoice, Sir Peter, that the story of the duel is not true, and are sincerely sorry for your other misfortune.

[*Goes up a little.*

*Sir P.* So, so; all over the town already [Aside.

*Crab.* Though, Sir Peter, you were certainly vastly to blame to marry at your years. [Retires a little up.

*Sir P.* (R. c.) Sir, what business is that of yours?



*Mrs. C.* (R.) Though, indeed, as Sir Peter made so good a husband, he's very much to be pitied.

*Sir P.* Plague on your pity, ma'am! I desire none of it.

[*Mrs. Crabtree crosses, L.*

*Sir B.* [*Advances on his L.*] However, Sir Peter, you must not mind the laughing and jests you will meet with on the occasion.

*Sir P.* Sir, sir, I desire to be master in my own house.

*Crab.* 'Tis no uncommon case, that's one comfort.

*Sir P.* I insist on being left to myself: without ceremony.—insist on your leaving my house directly.

*Mrs. C.* Well, well, we are going, and depend on't we'll make the best report of it we can.

*Sir P.* Leave my house!

*Crab.* And tell how hardly you've been treated—

*Sir P.* Leave my house!

*Sir B.* And how patiently you bear it.

[*Exeunt Mrs Candour, Sir Benjamin, and Crabtree, L.*

*Sir P.* Leave my house!—Fiends! vipers! furies! Oh! that their own venom would choke them!

[*Crosses, L.*

*Sir O.* They are very provoking, indeed, Sir Peter.

*Enter ROWLEY, R. R. C.*

*Row.* I heard high words: what has ruffled you, sir?

*Sir P.* (c.) Pshaw! what signifies asking? Do I ever pass a day without vexations?

*Row.* Well, I'm not inquisitive.

*Sir O.* (L.) Well, I am not inquisitive; I come only to tell you that I have seen both my nephews in the manner we proposed.

*Sir P.* A precious couple they are!

*Row.* Yes, and Sir Oliver is convinced that your judgment was right, Sir Peter.

*Sir O.* Yes, I find Joseph is indeed the man, after all.

*Row.* Ay, as Sir Peter says, he is a man of sentiment.

*Sir O.* And acts up to the sentiments he professes.

*Row.* It certainly is edification to hear him talk.

*Sir O.* Oh, he's a model for the young men of the age!—But how's this, Sir Peter? You don't join us in your friend Joseph's praise, as I expected.

*Sir P.* (c.) Sir Oliver, we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better.

*Row.* (L.) What! do you say so, Sir Peter, who were never mistaken in your life?

*Sir P.* (c.) Pshaw! Plague on you both! I see by your sneering you have heard the whole affair. I shall go mad among you!

*Row.* Then, to fret you no longer, Sir Peter, we are indeed

acquainted with it all. I met Lady Teazle coming from Mr. Surface's, so humble, that she deigned to request me to be her advocate with you.

*Sir P.* And does Sir Oliver know all this?

*Sir O.* Every circumstance.

*Sir P.* What, of the closet and the screen, hey?

*Sir O.* Yes, yes, and the little French milliner. O, I have been vastly diverted with the story! Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir P.* 'Twas very pleasant.

*Sir O.* I never laughed more in my life, I assure you. Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir P.* O, vastly diverting! Ha! ha! ha!

*Row.* To be sure, Joseph with his sentiments. Ha! ha!

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, his sentiments! Ha! ha! ha! Hypocritical villain!

*Sir O.* Ay, and that rogue Charles, to pull Sir Peter out of the closet! Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir P.* Ha! ha! 'Twas devilish entertaining, to be sure.

*Sir O.* Ha! ha! ha! Egad, Sir Peter, I should like to have seen your face when the screen was thrown down! Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, my face when the screen was thrown down! Ha! ha! ha! Oh, I must never show my head again!

*Sir O.* But come, come; it isn't fair to laugh at you, neither, my old friend; though, upon my soul, I can't help it.

*Sir P.* O, pray don't restrain your mirth on my account: it does not hurt me at all! I laugh at the whole affair myself. Yes, yes, I think being a standing joke for all one's acquaintance, a very happy situation. O, yes, and then, of a morning, to read the paragraph about Mr. S—, Lady T—, and Sir P—, will be so entertaining! I shall certainly leave town to-morrow, and never look mankind in the face again. [*Crosses, R.*]

*Row.* (c.) Without affectation, Sir Peter, you may despise the ridicule of fools: but I see Lady Teazle going towards the next room; I am sure you must desire a reconciliation as earnestly as she does.

*Sir O.* Perhaps my being here prevents her coming to you. [*Going.*] Well, I'll leave honest Rowley to mediate between you. [*Exit, L.*]

*Sir P.* She is not coming here, you see, Rowley.

*Row.* No, but she has left the door of that room open, you perceive. See, she is in tears.

*Sir P.* Certainly, a little mortification appears very becoming in a wife. Don't you think it will do her good to let her pine a little?

*Row.* Oh, this is ungenerous in you!

Looking off R.

*Sir P.* Well, I know not what to think. You remember the letter I found of hers, evidently intended for Charles ?

*Row.* A mere forgery, Sir Peter, laid in your way on purpose. This is one of the points which I intend Snake shall give you conviction of.

*Sir P.* I wish I were once satisfied of that. She looks this way. What a remarkably elegant turn of the head she has ! Rowley, I'll go to her.

*Row.* Certainly.

*Sir P.* Though, when it is known that we are reconciled, people will laugh at me ten times more.

*Row.* Let them laugh, and retort their malice only by showing them you are happy in spite of it.

*Sir P.* I'faith, so I will ! and, if I'm not mistaken, we may yet be the happiest couple in the county.

*Row.* Nay, Sir Peter, he who once lays aside suspicion—

*Sir P.* Hold, master Rowley ! If you have any regard for me, never let me hear you utter any thing like a sentiment : I have had enough of them to serve me the rest of my life.

[*Exeunt, R.*

P. raises cane  
angrily.

*Enter LADY SNEERWELL and JOSEPH SURFACE, L.*

*Lady S.* Explain to Sir Peter ! Impossible ! Will he not immediately be reconciled to Charles, and of consequence no longer oppose his union with Maria ? The thought is distraction to me.

*Joseph.* Can passion furnish a remedy ?

[*Sits, R.*

[*Sits, L.*

*Lady S.* No, nor cunning either. O, I was a fool, an idiot, to league with such a blunderer !

*Joseph.* Sure, Lady Sneerwell, I am the greatest sufferer ; yet you see I bear the accident with calmness. Well, I admit I have been to blame. I confess I deviated from the direct road to wrong, but I don't think we're so totally defeated neither.

*Lady S.* No !

*Joseph.* You tell me you have made a trial of Snake since we met, and that you still believe him faithful to us ?

*Lady S.* I do believe so.

*Joseph.* And that he has undertaken, should it be necessary, to swear and prove, that Charles is at this time contracted by vows of honour to your ladyship, which some of his former letters to you will serve to support.

*Lady S.* This, indeed, might have assisted.

*Joseph.* Come, come ; it is not too late yet. [*Knocking at the*

*door, L.*] [*Rises.*] But hark! this is probably my uncle, Sir Oliver: retire to that room; we'll consult farther when he is gone.

*Lady S.* Well, but if *he* should find you out, too?

*Joseph.* Oh, I have no fear of that. Sir Peter will hold his tongue for his own credit's sake—and you may depend on it, I shall soon discover Sir Oliver's weak side!

*Lady S.* I have no diffidence of your abilities! only be constant to one roguery at a time. [*Exit Lady Sneerwell, R.*]

*Joseph.* I will, I will. So, 'tis confounded hard, after such bad fortune, to be baited by one's confederates in evil. We'l, at all events, my character is so much better than Charles's, that I certainly—Hey!—what!—this is not Sir Oliver, but old Stanley again. Plague on't! that he should return to tease me just now—I shall have Sir Oliver come and find him here—and—

*Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE, L. D.*

Gad's life, Mr. Stanley, why have you come back to plague me at this time? You must not stay now, upon my word.

*Sir O. (L.)* Sir, I hear your uncle Oliver is expected here, and though he has been so penurious to you, I'll try what he'll do for me.

*Joseph. (R.)* Sir, 'tis impossible for you to stay now, so I must beg—Come any other time, and I promise you, you shall be assisted.

*Sir O.* No, Sir Oliver and I must be acquainted.

*Joseph.* Zounds, sir! then I insist on your quitting the room directly.

*Sir O.* Nay, sir—

*Joseph.* Sir, I insist on't! here, William! show this gentleman out. Since you compel me, sir,—not one moment—this is such insolence! [*Going to push him out, L.*]

*Enter CHARLES SURFACE, L. D.*

*Charles.* Hey day! what's the matter now! What, the devil, have you got hold of my little broker here? Zounds, brother, don't hurt little Premium. [*Crosses, C.*] What's the matter, my little fellow?

*Joseph. (R.)* So! he has been with you too, has he?

*Charles. (C.)* To be sure he has. Why, he's as honest a little—But sure, Joseph, you have not been borrowing money too, have you?

*Joseph.* Borrowing! No! But, brother, you know we expect Sir Oliver here every—

*Charles.* O, Gad, that's true! Noll mustn't find the little broker here, to be sure!

*Joseph.* Yet Mr. Stanley insists—

*Charles.* Stanley! why, his name's Premium.

*Joseph.* No, sir, Stanley.

*Charles.* No, no, Premium.

*Joseph.* Well, no matter which—but—

*Charles.* Ay, ay, Stanley or Premium, 'tis the same thing, as you say; for I suppose he goes by half a hundred names, besides A. B. at the coffee-house. [*Knock.*]

*Joseph.* 'Sdeath! here's Sir Oliver at the door. Now I beg, Mr. Stanley—

*Charles.* Ay, ay, and I beg, Mr. Premium—

*Sir O.* Gentlemen—

*Joseph.* Sir, by heaven, you shall go!

*Charles.* Ay, ay, out with him, certainly!

*Sir O.* This violence—

*Joseph.* Sir, 'tis your own fault.

*Charles.* Out with him, to be sure.

[*Both forcing Sir Oliver out, L.*]

*Enter LADY TEAZLE and SIR PETER, MARIA, and ROWLEY, R. D.*

*Sir P.* My old friend, Sir Oliver—hey! What in the name of wonder—here are dutiful nephews—assault their uncle on a first visit!

*Lady T.* Indeed, Sir Oliver, 'twas well we came in to rescue you.

*Rovr.* Truly it was; for I perceive, Sir Oliver, the character of old Stanley was no protection to you.

*Sir O.* Nor Premium either; the necessities of the former could not extort a shilling from that benevolent gentleman; and with the other, I stood a chance of faring worse than my ancestors, and being knocked down without being bid for. [x. c.]

*Joseph.* (R.) Charles!

*Charles.* (R.) Joseph!

*Joseph.* 'Tis now complete.

*Charles.* Very!

*Sir O.* Sir Peter, my friend, and Rowley too—look on that elder nephew of mine. You know what he has already received from my bounty; and you also know how gladly I would have regarded half of my fortune as held in trust for him: judge then of my disappointment on discovering him to be destitute of truth, charity, and gratitude.

*Sir P.* (L. c.) Sir Oliver, I should be more surprised at this declaration if I had not myself found him to be selfish, treacherous, and hypocritical.

*Lady T.* And if the gentleman pleads not guilty to these, pray let him call *me* to his character.

*Sir P.* Then, I believe, we need add no more: if he knows himself, he will consider it as the most perfect punishment, that he is known to the world.

*Charles.* If they talk this way to honesty, what they will say to me, by and by? [*Aside.*

[*Sir Peter, Lady Teazle, and Maria retire.*]

*Sir O.* As for that prodigal, his brother, there—

*Charles.* Ay, now comes my turn: the damned family pictures will ruin me. [*Aside.*

*Joseph.* Sir Oliver—uncle, will you honour me with a hearing?

*Charles.* Now if Joseph would make one of his long speeches I might recollect myself a little. [*Aside.*

*Sir O.* I suppose you would undertake to justify yourself? [*To Joseph.*

*Joseph.* I trust I could.

*Sir O.* Nay, if you desert your roguery in its distress, and try to be justified—you have even less principle than I thought you had. [*To Charles*] Well, sir, you could justify yourself too, I suppose?

*Charles.* Not that I know of, Sir Oliver.

*Sir O.* What! Little Premium has been let too much into the secret, I suppose?

*Charles.* True, sir; but they were *family* secrets, and should not be mentioned again, you know.

*Rou.* Come, Sir Oliver, I know you can not speak of Charles's follies with anger.

*Sir O.* Odd's heart, no more I can; nor with gravity either. Sir Peter, do you know, the rogue bargained with me for all his ancestors? sold me judges and generals by the foot, and maiden aunts as cheap as broken china.

*Charles.* To be sure, Sir Oliver, I did make a little free with the family canvas, that's the truth on't. My ancestors may certainly rise up in judgment against me: there's no denying it; but believe me sincere when I tell you—that if I do not appear mortified at the exposure of my follies, it is because I feel at this moment the warmest satisfaction in seeing you, my liberal benefactor.

*Sir O.* Charles, I believe you: give me your hand again: the ill-looking little fellow over the settee has made your peace.

*Charles.* Then, sir, my gratitude to the original is still increased.

*Lady T.* [*Advancing c., Maria on her left hand.*] Yet, I believe, Sir Oliver, here is one whom Charles is still more anxious to be reconciled to.

*Sir O.* Oh! I have heard of his attachment there; and, with the young lady's pardon, if I construe right—that blush—

*Sir P.* Well, child, speak your sentiments!

*Maria.* Sir, I have little to say, but that I shall rejoice to hear that he is happy; for me—whatever claim I had to his attention, I willingly resign to one who has a better title.

*Charles.* How, Maria!

*Sir P.* Hey day! what's the mystery now?—While he appeared an incorrigible rake, you would give your hand to no one else; and now that he is likely to reform, I'll warrant you won't have him.

*Maria.* His own heart and Lady Sneerwell know the cause.

*Charles.* Lady Sneerwell!

*Joseph.* (R.) Brother, it is with great concern I am obliged to speak on this point, but my regard to justice compels me, and Lady Sneerwell's injuries can no longer be concealed.

[*Opens the door, R.*

*Enter* LADY SNEERWELL, R.

*Sir P.* So! another French milliner! Egad, I wonder if he hides them in my house as well as his own.

*Lady S.* Ungrateful Charles! Well may you be surprised, and feel for the indelicate situation your perfidy has forced me into.

*Charles.* Pray, uncle, is this another plot of yours? For, as I have life, I don't understand it.

*Joseph.* I believe, sir, there is but the evidence of one person more necessary, to make it extremely clear.

*Sir P.* And that person, I imagine, is Mr. Snake. Rowley, you were perfectly right to bring him with us, and pray let him appear.

*Row.* Walk in, Mr. Snake.

*Enter* MR. SNAKE, L. D.

I thought his testimony might be wanted: however, it happens unluckily that he comes to confront Lady Sneerwell, not to support her.

*Lady S.* (R.) A villain! Treacherous to me at last!—Speak, fellow: have you, too, conspired against me.

*Snake.* (L.) I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons; you paid me extremely liberally for the he in question; but I, unfortunately, have been offered double to speak the truth.

*Sir P.* Plot and counter plot! I wish your ladyship joy of your negotiation.

*Lady S.* [*Crosses, L.*] The torments of shame and disappointment on you all!

*Lady T.* Hold, Lady Sneerwell: before you go, let me thank you for the trouble you and that gentleman have taken, in

aria goes up  
c.

writing letters from me to Charles, and answering them yourself; and let me also request you to make my respects to the scandalous college, of which you are president, and inform them, that Lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they granted her, as she leaves off practice, and kills characters no longer.

*Lady S.* You, too, madam [x. L.]—provoking—insolent—May your husband live these fifty years! [Exit, L.]

*Sir P.* Oons! what a fury!

*Lady T.* A malicious creature, indeed!

*Sir P.* [On *Lady Teazle's right hand.*] What! Not for her last wish?

*Lady T.* O, no!

*Sir O.* Well, sir, and what have you to say now?

*Joseph.* Sir, I am so confounded, to find that Lady Sneerwell could be guilty of suborning Mr. Snake in this manner, to impose on us all, that I know not what to say: however, lest her revengeful spirit should prompt her to injure my brother, I had certainly better follow her directly. For the man who attempts to— [Crosses and exit, L.]

*Sir P.* Moral to the last!

*Sir O.* Ay, and marry her,—Joseph, if you can. Egad! you'll do very well together.

*Ros.* I believe we have no more occasion for Mr. Snake, at present.

*Snake.* (L.) Before I go, I beg pardon once for all, for whatever uneasiness I have been the humble instrument of causing to the parties present.

*Sir P.* Well, well, you have made atonement by a good deed at last.

*Snake.* But I must request of the company, that it shall never be known.

*Sir P.* Hey—What the plague!—Are you ashamed of having done a right thing once in your life!

*Snake.* Ah, sir, consider,—I live by the badness of my character; and if it were once known that I had been betrayed into an honest action, I should lose every friend I have in the world.

[Exit, L.]

*Sir O.* Well, well, we'll not traduce you by saying any thing in your praise, never fear.

*Lady T.* See, Sir Oliver, there needs no persuasion now to reconcile your nephew and Maria.

*Sir O.* Ay, ay, that's as it should be; and, egad, we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

*Charles.* Thank you, dear uncle!

Charles joins Maria up stage.

Pointing to Maria and Charles, who are apparently unconscious of every one but themselves.



*Sir P.* What, you rogue! don't you ask the girl's consent first!

Charles leads  
Maria down

*Charles.* Oh, I have done that a long time—a minute ago—and she has looked yes.

*Maria.* For shame, Charles!—I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word.

*Sir O.* Well then, the fewer the better;—may your love for each other never know abatement!

*Sir P.* And may you live as happily together as Lady Teazle and I intend to do!

*Charles.* Rowley, my old friend, I am sure you congratulate me; and I suspect that I owe you much.

*Sir P.* Ay, honest Rowley always said you would reform.

*Charles.* Why, as to reforming, Sir Peter, I'll make no promises, and that I take to be a proof that I intend to set about it; but here shall be my monitor—my gentle guide—Ah! can I leave the virtuous path those eyes illumine?

Though thou, dear maid, should'st waive thy beauty's sway,  
Thou still must rule, because I will obey:

An humble fugitive from Folly view,

No sanctuary near but Love and you;

You can, indeed, each anxious fear remove,

For even Scandal dies, if you approve.

[*To the Audience.*]

THE END

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL.  
OF THE CURTAIN.

SIR O., SIR P., LADY T., CHARLES, MARIA, ROWLEY.  
R.] [L.]









JUN 196

WESSE

5 2044 010 912

The borrower must return this item on or before the last date stamped below. If another user places a recall for this item, the borrower will be notified of the need for an earlier return.

*Non-receipt of overdue notices does **not** exempt the borrower from overdue fines.*

**Harvard College Widener Library**  
**Cambridge, MA 02138    617-495-2413**

CANCELLED  
WIDENER  
JUL 23 2005  
WIDENER  
JUL 26 2005  
BOOK DUE

**Please handle with care.**  
Thank you for helping to preserve  
library collections at Harvard.

the 1990s, the number of people who have been infected with HIV has increased in almost every country in the world. The number of people who have died of AIDS has also increased in almost every country in the world.

There are a number of reasons why this has happened. One of the main reasons is that people are not taking enough precautions to protect themselves from HIV. This is especially true in developing countries, where many people do not have access to condoms and other forms of protection.

Another reason is that people are not getting enough information about HIV and AIDS. This is especially true in developing countries, where many people do not know what HIV is or how it is spread.

There are a number of things that can be done to reduce the number of people who are infected with HIV. One of the most important things is to make sure that people have access to condoms and other forms of protection. This is especially important in developing countries, where many people do not have access to these things.

Another important thing is to make sure that people get enough information about HIV and AIDS. This is especially important in developing countries, where many people do not know what HIV is or how it is spread.

There are a number of other things that can be done to reduce the number of people who are infected with HIV. One of these is to make sure that people are not sharing needles and syringes. This is especially important in developing countries, where many people do not have access to clean needles and syringes.

Another important thing is to make sure that people are not having sex with multiple partners. This is especially important in developing countries, where many people do not have access to condoms and other forms of protection.

There are a number of other things that can be done to reduce the number of people who are infected with HIV. One of these is to make sure that people are not using unsterilized medical equipment. This is especially important in developing countries, where many people do not have access to clean medical equipment.